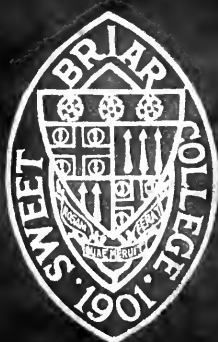


SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE



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BRIAR PATCH



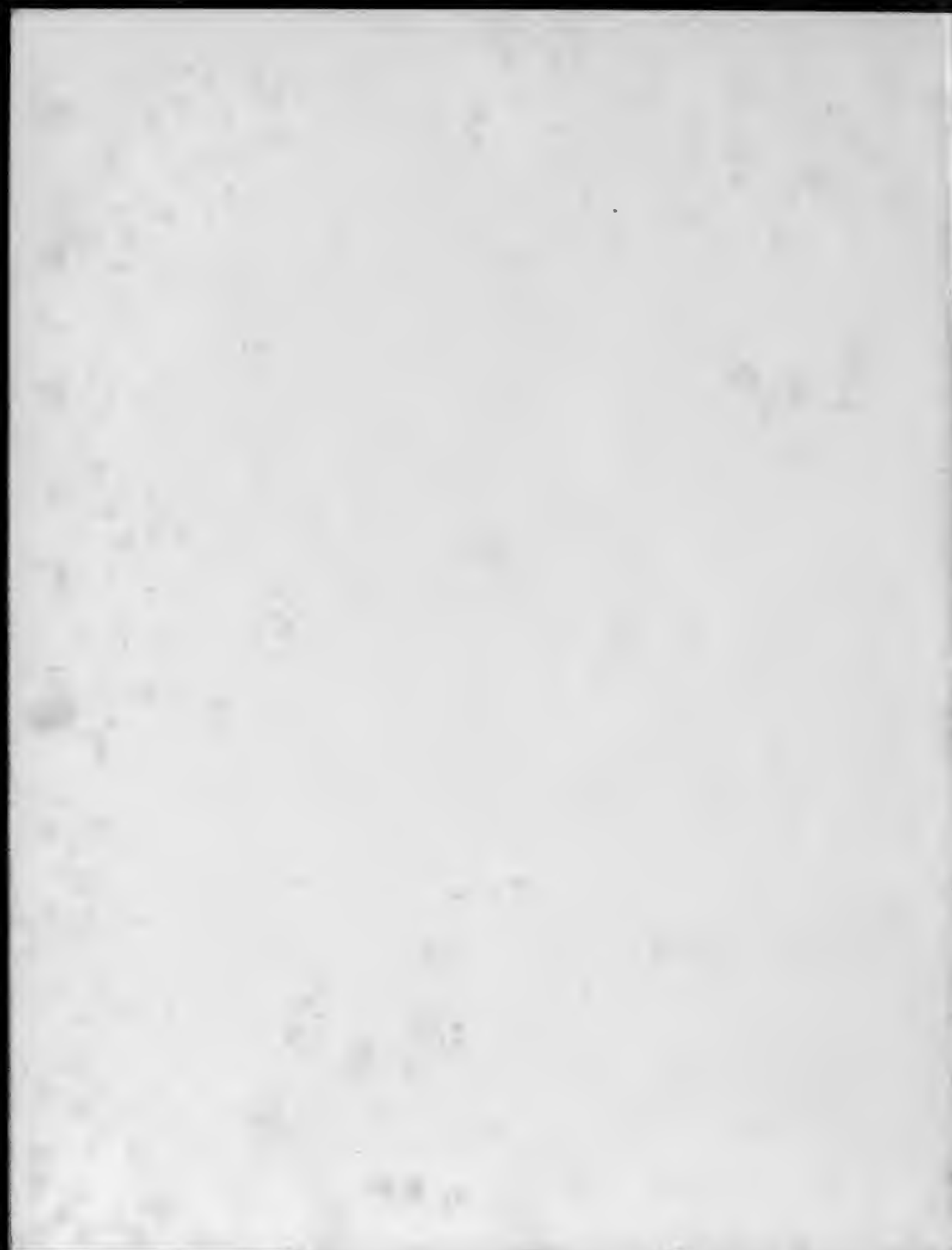


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Briar-Patch

Nineteen Hundred and Twelve



Edited by the Senior Class of

Sweet Briar College

Sweet Briar, Virginia

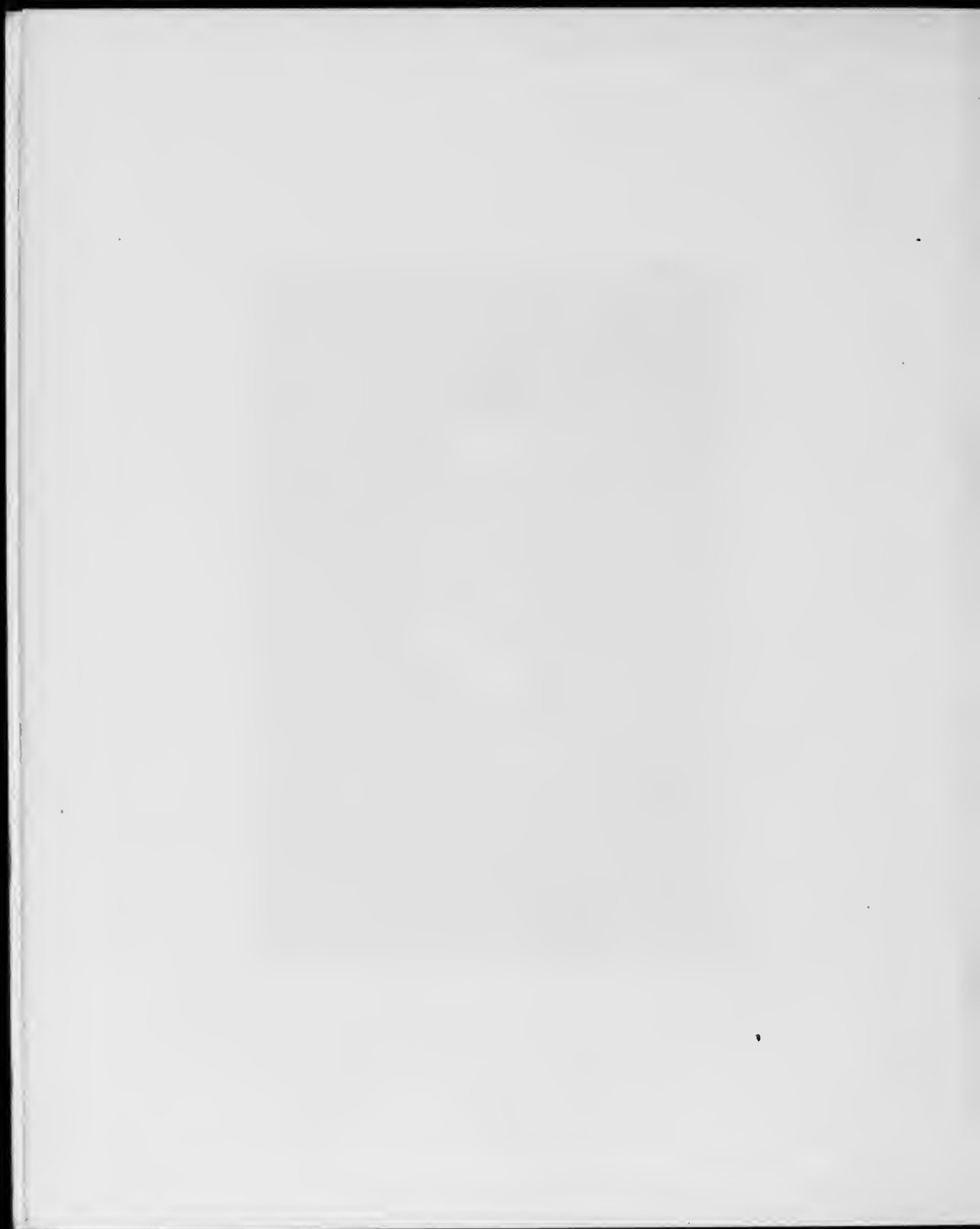
To

Mr. Nathaniel Clayton Manson, Jr.,

*Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors,
whose loyalty to the College and genial personality
have endeared him to every
Sweet Briar Student,*

*we dedicate
this, the third publication of the
Briar Patch*





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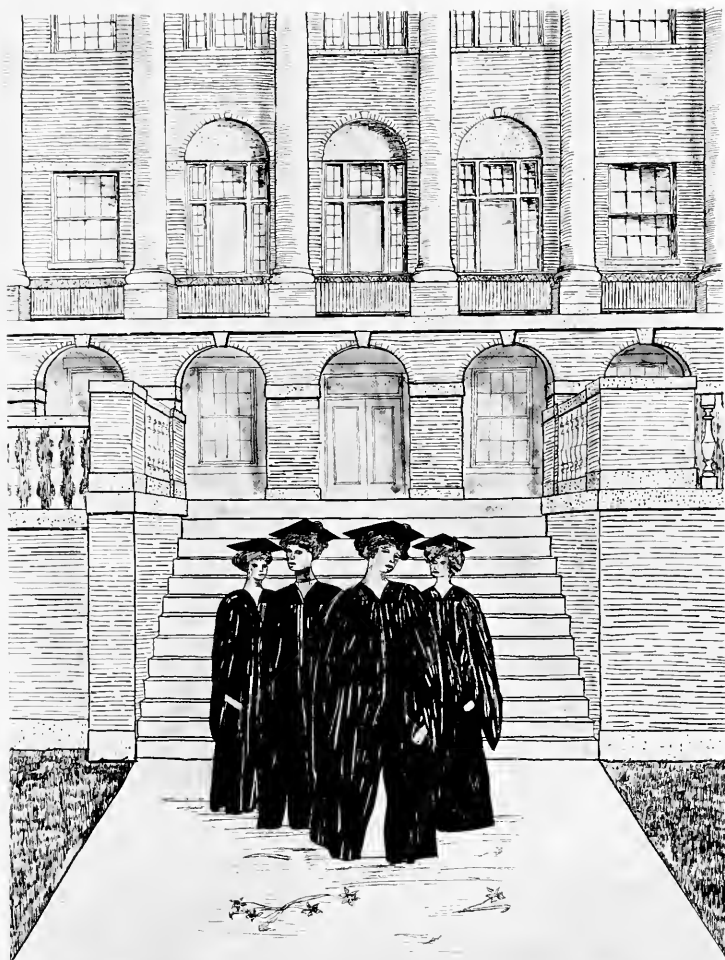
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Senior Class

Colors

Gold and White

Flower

Daffodil

Tree

Ulmus Americana

Motto

Scande in Culmen

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MISS VIRGINIA RANDALL McLAWS



NELLE KELLER

Muncie, Indiana

"If we are not sincere we are nothing."

Executive Committee of Student Government Association, 1908-09; Chairman of Inter-Collegiate Committee of Y. W. C. A., 1908-09; Vice-President of Class, 1910-11; Representative to Debating Club, 1911-12; Vice-President of Student Government Association, 1911-12; Editor-in-Chief of BRIAR PATCH, 1911-12; Rippler.

FRANCES NOYES MATSON

Johnson City, Tennessee

"She taketh most delight in musical instruments."

Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1908-09; President of Class, 1909-10, 1910-11; Secretary and Treasurer of Debating Club, 1909-10; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Substitute on Senior-Sophomore Basket-Ball Team, 1909; Winner of S. B. in Hurdles, Field Day, 1910; Editor-in-Chief, Sweet Briar Magazine, 1911; Delegate to Asheville Conference, June, 1911; Executive Committee of Student Government Association, 1911-12; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1911-12; Associate Editor of BRIAR PATCH, 1911-12; Class Prophet; Glee Club.





LOULIE MERIWETHER WILSON

Rock Hill, South Carolina

"Be busy, busy, busy—useful, amiable, servicable, in all sorts of honest, unpretending ways."

Chairman of Missionary Committee of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10, 1911-12; President of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10, 1910-11; Executive Committee of Student Government Association, 1909-10, 1911-12; Substitute on Senior-Sophomore Basket-Ball Team, 1909; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, 1909-10, 1910-11; Delegate to Asheville Conference, June, 1910; Delegate to Richmond Territorial Conference, 1910; Vice-President of Student Government Association, 1910-11; President of Class, 1911-12; Business Manager of BRIAR PATCH, 1911-12; Glee Club.

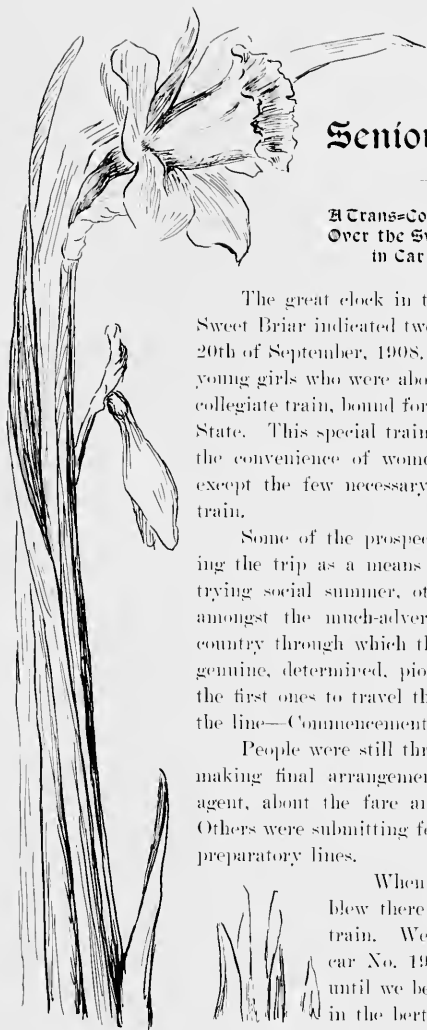
ELSIE LUPINSKI ZAEGEL

Sheboygan, Wisconsin

"What a blessing it is to have ready wit . . . and ready money to back it."

Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10, 1911; Senior-Sophomore Basket-Ball Team, 1909; Winner of S. B. on College Basket-Ball Team, 1910; Chairman of Field Day Committee, 1910; Executive Committee of Student Government Association, 1910-11; Representative to Debating Club, 1910-11; Business Manager of Sweet Briar Magazine, 1911; President of Athletic Association, 1911-12; Treasurer of Student Government Association, 1911-12; Vice-President of Class, 1911-12; Business Manager of BRIAR PATCH, 1911-12; President of the "Katzenjammer Family;" Class Historian; Rippler; Glee Club.





Senior History

A Trans-Collegiate Trip Taken Over the Sweet Briar Course in Car Number 1912

The great clock in the central hall of the depot at Sweet Briar indicated twenty minutes past eleven on the 20th of September, 1908. The station was crowded with young girls who were about to depart on the great trans-collegiate train, bound for Commencement City in Senior State. This special train was especially constructed for the convenience of women travelers; in fact, no men, except the few necessary officials, were allowed on the train.

Some of the prospective passengers were undertaking the trip as a means of recuperation from a rather trying social summer, others were in search of health amongst the much-advertised, beautiful and healthful country through which the line ran. Some few, in the genuine, determined, pioneer spirit, had resolved to be the first ones to travel the new road to the very end of the line—Commencement City.

People were still thronging around the ticket office, making final arrangements with Mr. Dew, the ticket agent, about the fare and reservations on the sleeper. Others were submitting for approval their transfers from preparatory lines.

When the bell clanged and the whistle blew there was a mad rush to board the train. We found we had reservations in car No. 1912. We were rather lonesome until we became acquainted with the girls in the berths across the aisle and next to

us. After vainly endeavoring to stow our clothes away in our narrow berths, we then settled down to read all the books we had taken with us on our trip.

Tiring of our books, we decided to walk through the cars in search of excitement. So we all donned our green kimonos and enning, little, green mortar-board boudoir caps and started through the train. The girls in the car, No. 1911, next to ours, greeted us very pleasantly at first, but, after we had talked to them awhile, they began to talk in such a superior manner about the contents of the books which we had just been reading that we decided we didn't like them very well.

The girls in the first car were charming, and offered to make our journey as pleasant as possible.

Although we bought much chocolate and fruit from the "commissary man" when he came through the car, we were all glad when we could answer the first call to dinner in the diner and sit down to a good *table d'hôte* meal. It was fortunate we all had plenty to eat that night because the alarm-clock porter forgot to call some of the girls the next morning in time for them to get breakfast before the diner was taken off at 8:15 A. M.

As we were going into the diner we noticed a green flag, with the number 1911 on it, waving from the top of the car. By the significant looks exchanged by several of the occupants of Car 1911, who were waiting with us for a seat in the diner, we knew they must have been instrumental in hoisting it. We thought it would be a good lark to aggravate them a little by taking it down, so that noon two of our most agile and courageous friends clambered up and hacked it down. We magnanimously contributed our trophy to the fireman to replenish the coal supply in the engine.

The girls in Car No. 1911 were considerably surprised to find we were so much at home on top of cars. Being of an investigating turn of mind, they endeavored to ascertain whether we would flourish similarly well in water, so they turned the water in the ice cooler at the end of the car over those of us who happened to be conveniently near. Needless to say our amphibious constitutions withstood the shock admirably.

We were very fond of the occupants of Car 1910, and certainly did hate to see them leave us when they reached their destination. We tried to sing them a song in farewell, but we were so overcome at parting that we couldn't

keep the tune. The occupants of the other cars began to jeer us, but with our usual tenacity of purpose we struggled through our musical monstrosity to the bitter end. However, we didn't attempt to give 1911 a similar send-off when they left.

We had to bid a sad farewell to many of our fellow travelers in our own coach at various places on the road. Finally our number dwindled down to four, and the railway company deemed it necessary to deprive us of our drawing-room in order to accommodate additional transitory passengers.

Though there were only four of us who had made the "through trip" together; we were drawn closely together, and a spirit of infinite sadness came over us as the conductor came down the aisle to collect the last strips of our tickets. We certainly had enjoyed every minute of our trip, and were unanimous in declaring that the Sweet Briar Intercollegiate was the best possible line we could have taken, and that the trip had proved beneficial in every respect.

The train pulled slowly into the station at Commencement and finally came to a full stop. We four—the "last of our race"—stepped off the platform of the train we had enjoyed traveling on so much. We parted at the great iron gate, clasping each others' hands in silent, tearful farewell. And, as we passed through the gate and turned our faces resolutely and bravely toward the great unknown land of the Future, each breathed a fervent prayer that some day, though we could never take the trip together again, we might meet once more in the great terminal station at Sweet Briar, before the great face of the big clock that changelessly and permanently points to twenty minutes past eleven.



Senior Prophecy

Clippings

HERE

WILL DELIVER LECTURE

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Famous Altruist To Be Heard Thursday in San Francisco

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San Francisco, Cal., April 9, 1932—Nelle Keller, A. M., Ph. D., the world-famed altruist, one of the deepest modern thinkers, will deliver a lecture at the City Hall on next Thursday evening at eight o'clock. This lecture, which has produced such a revolution in the philosophical world, is on the subject, "The Solution of World Problems," and presents a clear explanation and criticism of all the systems of philosophy since Socrates. Dr. Keller, it will be remembered, gained recognition eight years ago by her stupendous and marvelous work, "The After Life."

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NEW PRESIDENT CHOSEN

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Sheboygan, Wis., June 5, 1930—At the annual meeting of the Suffrage Union on last evening Mrs. Elsie Lupinski Zaegel Schmidt was unanimously elected president of the Suffrage Union for the ensuing term of four years. Mrs. Schmidt is peculiarly fitted for the position to which she has been elevated, because of her wide experience and executive ability. For several years she has been actively engaged in the promotion of the cause of Woman's Rights in Australia and Brazil. The Union is to be congratulated upon securing a leader of such magnetic power and personality.

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Senior Prophecy

Clippings

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RETURNS TO AMERICA

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Honolulu Returns Home

Honolulu, Hawaii, Sept. 7, 1925—The hearts of the Hawaiians are stricken with grief at the resignation of the Superintendent of Government Schools, Miss Loulie Meriwether Wilson. Miss Wilson has been connected with the schools of Honolulu and adjacent districts for the past ten years, during which time she has raised the standard of the High Schools so that graduates are able to enter, without examination, Yale, Princeton, Vassar, Sweet Briar, and other foremost colleges of the United States. It is with great reluctance that we accept her resignation and witness her departure.

HYGIENIC REFORM

A Great Work Being Carried On By Eminent Philanthropist

New York, October 1, 1927—A scheme for the elevation of the inhabitants of the slum districts through hygienic reform is being promoted by the zealous efforts of the philanthropist, Miss Frances Noyes Matson. Miss Matson has recently published a treatise on "Environment and the Man," in which are embodied the principles of her practical reforms. A great improvement may already be noticed in the condition of the homes of the East Side. Miss Matson is to be praised for her indefatigable energy and her tireless devotion to the cause of uplifting humanity.

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Junior Class

Colors

Peacock-blue and Green

Class Bird

Peacock

Motto

Honor ante honores

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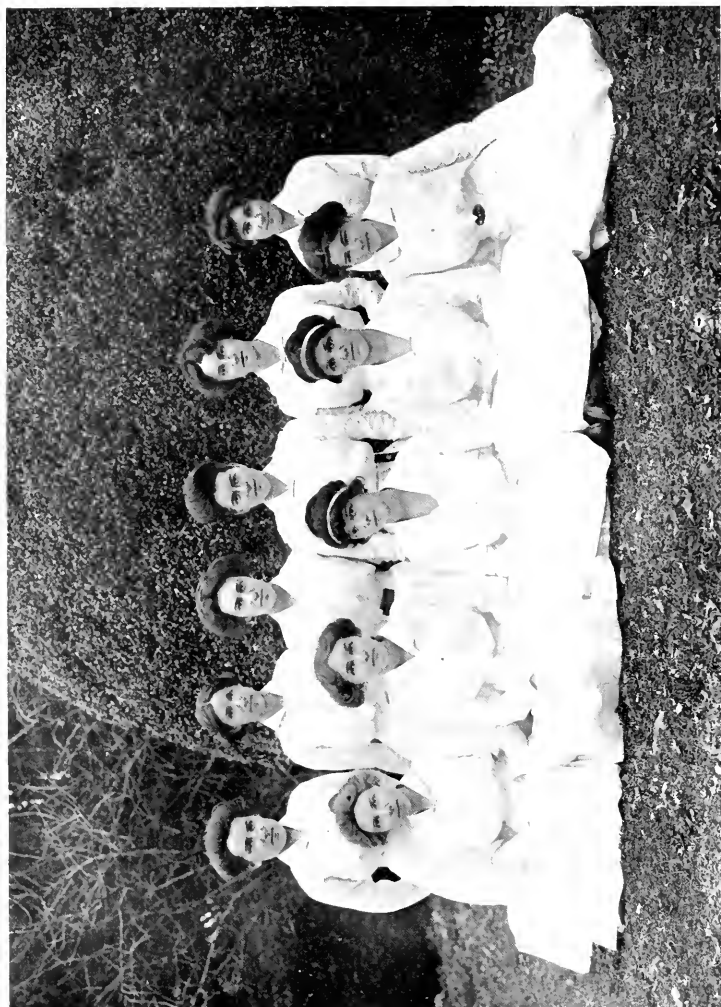
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JUNIOR CLASS

Junior History

Chronicle of 1913

VOLUME III



ALREADY have two books been writ concerning the glorious ventures of 1913. It hath been told of how in the year 1910, she set forth as a maiden knight in quest of deeds of valour. On her shield was emblazoned the figure of a peacock, the symbol of the resplendent beauty of her ideal, and of her pride in her glorious calling. The device writ upon this shield was, "*Honor ante Honores*," which signified the knight's great desire to fight for honor and courtesy rather than empty fame.

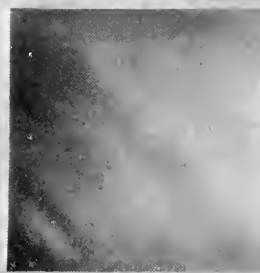
No need is there to tell again the right worthy achievements of the early knighthood of 1913. There are those still living who remember them, of how bravely she jousted with that other right noble knight of 1912. Now, 1912 was in truth a most brave and sturdy knight, but no equal of 1913 in prowess. Thus it came about that 1913 smote 1912 so sorely, that never again did she enter the tourney. But she cast aside her broken sword and turned for solace to the scrolls of the philosophers. It hath been said that these marvellously ponderous volumes of wisdom instruct vanquished knights of how to bear their defeat with resignation and piety. Yet withal, this pursuit and philosophy seemeth to bring more care than peace to the right studious 1912.

After she had so sorely smitten 1912, the knight of 1913 rested her sometime from her labours and planted the roses bestowed as an offering of peace by her noble enemy, 1912. Having shown her strength in battle, well could she afford to stop her career of arms, else might she have grievously smitten the young knight of 1914, who rode forth to meet her. Yet 1913 saw that this knight was of a passing goodly bearing, though young and untrained in arms. Thus she pitied the extreme youth of this fair knight, and did her no harm. Thereby she lost a most certain victory. For what knight could withstand the right valiant 1913?

Yet did 1913, in her solitary rides through the land, oftentimes grow lonely. Many times desired she a companion knight who might share her glorious ventures. And one day were the petitions granted, for she saw riding

towards her a most beautiful and resplendent young knight. So fair did the armor of this knight shine forth, that she seemed as the sun. Also was her face comely to look upon. In her hand she bore a banner with the device, "1915," upon it. Then quoth 1913: "An I have not this knight for my sister-in-arms, there shall never other knight rejoice me." Then she spurred her horse and rode toward 1915, and they embraced each other in their arms, right heartily. Therewith the two knights rode on in company, holding much friendly parley. So in the moonlight they rode along a perilous road beset with untold dangers, and together they sojourned near a marvellously brilliant fire, and there they swore a vow of eternal friendship, which hath never been broke to this day.







In our dear Sweetbriar
May we ever be bound
By the ties of a true sister class

The text is written on a musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). There are four decorative sun-like symbols with rays at the bottom of the page, positioned below the musical staff.

Sophomore Class

Colors

Black and Green

Flower

Honeysuckle

Tree

Holly Tree

Motto

Facta Epochæ Sunt

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MR. WILLIAM BLAND DEW
MISS AILEEN WARD



SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Itinerary of Cambrensis and Mandeville Through Sweet Briar to the Isle of "1914"

BESIDE the land of Lynchburg is the land of Sweet Briar, in which is all women and no man; not, as some men say, because men may not live there, but because the women will not suffer men amongst them, to be their sovereigns. This land of Sweet Briar is surrounded by mountains, except in one place, where is one entrance. And beyond the mountains dwell the men, who are admirers of this people, where they go to solace them when they will.

In that land of Sweet Briar are four isles, called "1915," "1914," "1913," and "1912." The people of the land go "at sea" from isle to isle, starting from the isle called "1915," the inhabitants of which are as wild animals, and unformed, and dwell in caves where fudge is made, for they have not sense to go to the library and make them houses of knowledge. And when they see one from "1914" passing through their countries, they hide them in their caves. And they eat flesh of "hot dogs," and they whisper nought, but yelp as dogs do. The chief city is a Summer-ville, with Dew and Hale and a pleasant Brooke. But it is for the most part a desert place, which a stranger may understand by reading of how roses first came into the Junior Class. The inhabitants are, nevertheless, from all ranks of life—a Miller, a Mason, a Taylor, and a Driver being the most thrifty.

Hence some men go to another isle called "1913." In that land is a little Slaughter, but the people of that isle say commonly that the Serpents and wild beasts of the country will do no harm to any foreigner that enters that country, but only to those superior to them, such as the inhabitants of "1912" and "1914." In that isle is a great lake, and great plenty of water. And they of the country say that they wept when Chief Peacock met with Slaughter one day. And that water, they say, is of their tears; for so much water they wept, that made the aforesaid lake. The chief remaining peacock takes a "bird walk" daily in the rose garden, but is so afraid of the Slaughter, that would overtake it whenever (Da) Camera (of "1915") visits the isle, that it will not associate with the other inhabitants of "1913."

Thus have we visited the desert place of "1915," the lake of tears of

"1913," and after that isle people go by this Lake of Tears to the isle of "1912," an isle to be pitied for its dearth, for it may scarcely be said to be inhabited at all. The four dwellers therein give themselves over so completely to philosophy that they take no thought for the body, but sleep for the most part in a camp, even in the most bitter weather. The four are clothed in gowns, all of one color, though they may occasionally be seen in distinctive garb—one with a red halo as of flame, and another with green skirt and red sweater. And when they are thus apparelled, they go two and two together, full orderly, before the president. And each of them carries a tablet, and they sit at the president's table—a goodly array of philosophers. So it is that they compensate for lack of quantity by a most excellent quality.

Far back of these isles is one which bears the grave of "1910"—a race now extinct in our land. And in the centre of this isle is an elm tree, which they of old called "*Ulmus Alata*," which is almost of Abraham's time; and people call it the dry tree. They say that it has been there since the first isle was discovered in the land of Sweet Briar, and that this tree has been there since the beginning. The wise are not deceived! It has changed shape during the absence of the inhabitants of Sweet Briar—yea, over night—but we perceive that it diminishes rather than increases in size. And there is a prophecy that the tree shall become green and bear leaves. And through that miracle, many unbelievers will be converted to the faith of "1910." And, therefore, they do great worship thereto, and guard it very sedulously.

But of all the isles, the fairest and most excellent alone remains to be visited—*The Isle of 1914*, which we have left to the last, that its beauty and fertility may be magnified by a fair contrast with its inferiors. Contrary to "1912," this isle is well inhabited, and there needs must be a Marshall to keep order therein, for—a most unheard-of coincidence in the realm of the land of Sweet Briar—"1914" boasts a Swain! The people here make constant use of good Grammar, particularly in general meetings of all the islanders, for she is called *Arcadidyon*, or one inspired.

On the isle of "1914," flourish all kinds of natural resources, more plentifully than on any other isle. The native honeysuckle grows profuse. And know well that the Holly Tree bears its leaves. A large Green occupies the centre of the Isle, and with her Hayes lends pleasant appearance to those fertile regions. This Hayes bestows distinction as well on the land, at times assuming the form of a jumper and a bloomer, and defeating the other nations in

a pitched battle. This jumper is so mighty that he hath many times overcome the greatest warriors in the islands, and even surpassed in feats those dwelling without the land of Sweet Briar. It is for this Hayes that the island is chiefly famous, but it excels also in the arts of the tongue and pen. The people of "1915" tremble before them and default in debate to such bold and confident speakers. Surpassing their neighbors in rich and powerful understanding and a most excellent intellect, they of "1914" do much to support the various activities of the land of Sweet Briar, for consider what would become of the common Opera House or of the monthly manuscripts of that land, were it not for the concerted action and most gracious aid of these geniuses therein.

So careful is "1914" of the affairs of the whole land that it ever strives to make in its latter day a worthy offering to the land of Sweet Briar. But gold and silver are not plentiful in "1914," and accordingly do the islanders use their wit to earn it, that their plan may be made likely. They did recently distinguish themselves by giving a vaudeville to this end, to which all the islanders flocked. Clothed in proper gown of black and cap of green (the emblem of that isle) the denizens of the isle advanced in impressive procession before the admiring eyes of their neighbors, singing in many different airs their native songs and incantations. They would at length unite in one organic melody, or not, as seemed to them most fitting for each sentiment expressed. With the generous help of sister isles and friendly ones it was enabled them to offer marvellous dancing, a miracle play which landed the arts of woman, which even gave opportunity for prominence to the nation's monkey, organ-grinder, fools, and lunatics. Never has "1914" been so excellent in honor, nor ever so rejoiced as in its present fame, but still prophesies a more glorious day for itself e'er another year has fled. For time advances and the inhabitants of "1915" and "1913" must give place in their revellings to "1912" and "1914," when the praises of dear old "1914" will float unceasingly on the balmy air of the land of Sweet Briar.

"I know a place where the Holly Tree grows,
Just for our dear '14,
The Honeysuckle blooms so fair,
Gracing our own '14!
A banner you'll find in Virginia State
Of Green and of Black, if you hunt,
And oh, there's a class with records so great,
For "*Facta Epochae Sunt!*"

HISTORIAN.



Freshman Class

Colors

Lavender and Green

Flower

Lilac

Motto

"Speetemur Agendo"

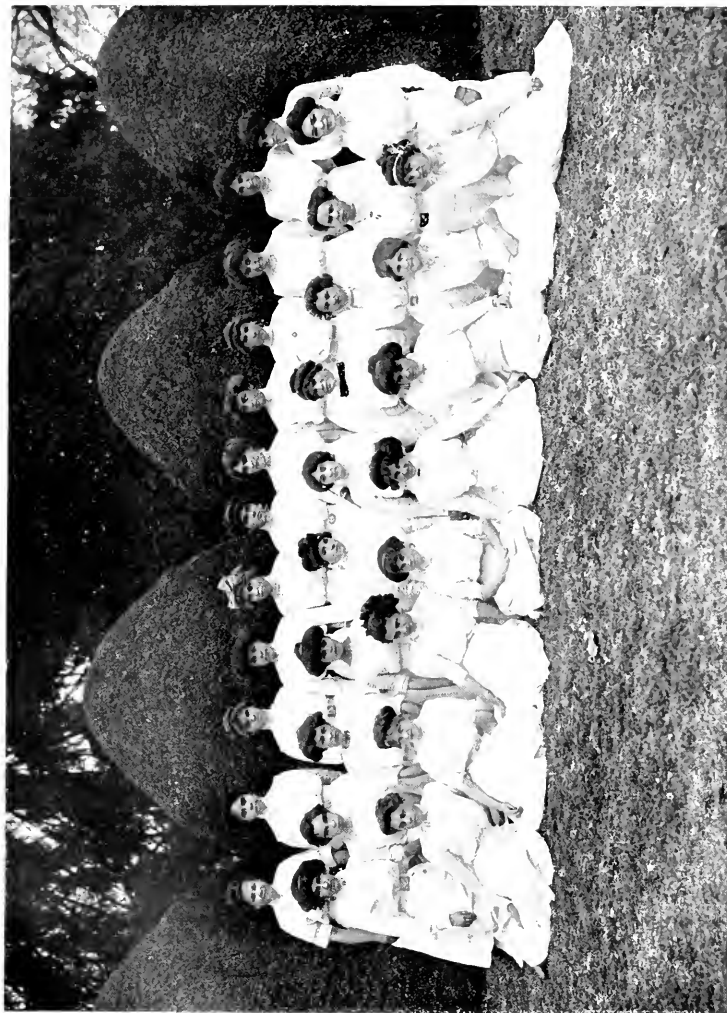
OFFICERS

ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE.....	<i>President</i>
HARRIET EVANS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ABBIE MUNROE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
LUCILLE SCHOOLFIELD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ENID SIPE.....	<i>Historian</i>

MEMBERS

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JOSEPHINE BROWNE	SALLIE MILLER
SARAH BROWNE	ABBIE MUNROE
MARY BRYAN	HELEN NICHOLSON
CATHERINE BURNS	FRANCES PENNYPACKER
MARIAN DA CAMARA	LEL RED
LELIA DEW	JESSIE RUCKER
ERNA DRIVER	LUCILLE SCHOOLFIELD
DOROTHEA EAGLESFIELD	ANNA SCHUTTE
HARRIET EVANS	ENID SIPE
MARGARET GRANT	ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE
JANE GREGORY	DOROTHY TARBELL
MILDRED HALE	DOROTHY TAYLOR
FLORA HOWE	MARY TAYLOR
HELEN McCARY	EMMA THOMAS
GRACE MARTIN	HAZEL TRIMBLE

LOUISE WEISIGER



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman History

ANNOUNCEMENT

Be it known to all men by these presents that on this sixth day of October, nineteen hundred and eleven, the name of "Freshman Class" was bestowed upon our baby.

BABY'S FIRST PLAYMATES

We noticed from the very first that of all her little friends, baby loved best to be with her older sister, Junior Class, who has always taken such an interest in her. As little Freshman grows older we hope that she will become more and more like her sister, to whose influence it is due that baby never cared to play with those rough Sophomore children.

BABY'S FIRST OUTING

On the ninth of October, Junior took little Freshman for a hay-ride. She had never before been allowed to stay up after her bed-time and she ate all sorts of indigestible food—if we had not trusted Junior to take good care of her, we would have been very anxious. However, her first dissipation seems to have agreed with her very well.

BABY'S FIRST RIDE

The last of January we thought that Freshman was old enough to have a pony. In consequence, her old donkey, "Vocabulary," which was hard to manage and had to be driven, gave way to a pony named "Livy." Baby was carefully instructed how to handle him, how fast to go, and where to stop. Those little trots were such a pleasure to Freshman!

BABY'S FIRST PARTY

On the twenty-fourth day of February, Freshman gave her first party. All the college children were invited, in honor of Junior, and came in fancy dress. The party began early and the little tots played happily until bed time. They made a pretty picture in their bright costumes, and the party was a decided success.

RED-LETTER DAYS

Freshman will always remember the day when she made her first appearance upon the boards! In February, Junior gave a play and baby represented a rose. She practiced for weeks, and when at last she stood upon the stage in a little pink dress and cap, she sang her little songs without a mistake.

Another day which will linger in Freshman's memory is the one upon which she won her first victory. Although she has an unusually sweet disposition, baby became involved in a dispute with those Sophomore children (they really are enough to provoke a saint!) and vanquished them completely! This, however, was only the beginning of a series of such disputes with all her little playmates; even her dear Junior was drawn into the ring, only to suffer defeat at Freshman's hands. Yet her continued success has not turned her head, and no conceit mars the natural sweetness of her nature.



Student Government Association

OFFICERS

EUGENIA BUFFINGTON	<i>President</i>
NELLE KELLER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY TYLER	<i>Secretary</i>
ELSIE ZAEGEL	<i>Treasurer</i>

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

LOULIE WILSON
FRANCES MATSON
BERNICE RICHARDSON



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

BESSIE GRAMMER	<i>President</i>
SUE SLAUGHTER	<i>Vice-President</i>
REBECCA WHITE	<i>Secretary</i>
REBEKAH PATTON	<i>Treasurer</i>

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

HENRIETTA WASHBURN	<i>Extension</i>
LOLIE WILSON	<i>Missionary</i>
MAYO THACH	<i>Social</i>
MARGARETHA RIBBLE	<i>Intercollegiate</i>
SUE SLAUGHTER	<i>Membership</i>
REBEKAH PATTON	<i>Finance</i>
LUCILE MARSHALL	<i>Devotional</i>



SLAUGHTER

GRAMMER
WHITE
Y. W. C. A.

PATTON



The Annual Christmas Tree

The Extension Committee of the Y. W. C. A. gives an annual Christmas tree to the children of the neighborhood. The names and ages of the children are posted on the bulletin board about a month before Christmas, and each one who wishes to provide for a child signs her name opposite that of the child she chooses. The Y. W. C. A. buys a lot of toys, candies, etc., and each girl fills a stocking for the child she has selected. These are distributed by Santa Clans after the children have seen the tree, and are generally received with ecstatic appreciation.





Athletics

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

ELSIE ZAEGEL	<i>President</i>
FRANCES RICHARDSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
REBEKAH PATTON	<i>Secretary</i>
ELLEN HAYES	<i>Treasurer</i>

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

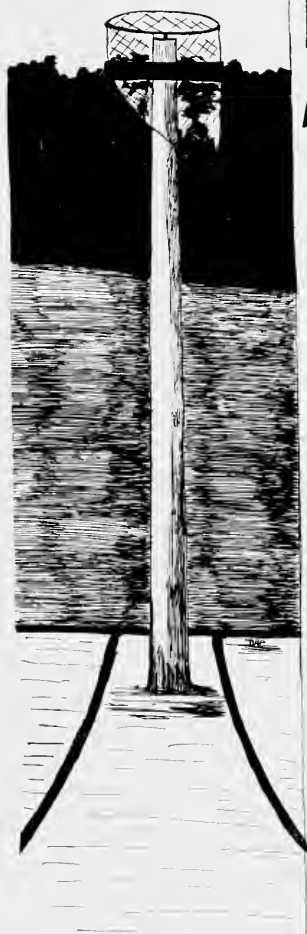
ALICE SWAIN	Tennis
CLARE ECK	Lake
BESSIE FRANKE	Field Day
SUE SLAUGHTER	Walking
DOROTHY TARBELL	Golf
FRANCES RICHARDSON	Baseball
MARY TYLER	Basket-Ball
RUTH MAURICE	Skating
PEGGY DUVALL	Coasting



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



BOATING



BASKETBALL

Basket-ball Teams

“Athletics”

ELLEN HAYES	Captain
REBEKAH PATTON	} Centers
MARY TYLER		
REBEKAH BULLARD	} Forwards
ELLEN HAYES		
MARGARET DUVALL	} Guards
ELSIE ZAEGEL		
AGNES JONES	} Substitutes
ELSIE LLOYD		



BASKETBALL ATHLETICS

“Giants”

RUTH MAURICE	Captain
ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE } RUTH MAURICE }	Centers
EMMY THOMAS } CYNTHIA MAGEE }	Forwards
MARGARET GRANT } HELEN McCARY }	Guards
BESSIE FRANKE } FRANCES PENNYPACKER } REBECCA STOUT }	Substitutes



BAND—EVENING

Field-Day Records

EVENT	HOLDER	RECORD	
		Sweet Briar	Intercollegiate
Running High Jump	E. HAYES, '14	4 ft. 3 in.	4 ft. 9 in.
Baseball Throw	R. MAURICE, '15	173 ft. 8½ in.	204 ft. 5 in.
Fifty-yard Dash	L. HOOPER, '10	6.6 sec.	6.1½ sec.
Basket-ball Throw	R. MAURICE, '15	65 ft. 3¼ in.	77 ft. 9½ in.
Hurdles (100 ft.)	F. MATSON, '12	5.1½ sec.	
Stand'g Broad Jump.	J. CUNNINGHAM, '14	7 ft. 3 in.	8 ft. 1½ in.
Hundred-yard Dash	E. HAYES, '14	12.8 sec.	12 sec.
Hop, Step and Jump.	E. HAYES, '14	31 ft. 11 in.	29 ft. 6½ in.
Running Broad Jump.	E. HAYES, '14	14 ft. 2 in.	15 ft. 11 in.
Shot-Put	R. MAURICE, '15	27 ft.	33 ft. 11 in.
Endurance Race (250 yds.)	M. FAUST	43.1 sec.	

Points Received

Freshman Class	33
Sophomore Class	20
Junior Class	5
Senior Class	8

S. B.'s Awarded to

F. MATSON	E. HAYES	R. MAURICE
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S. B. S. Awarded to

MARION FAUST

Name on Cup

RUTH MAURICE
ELLEN HAYES



TENNIS CLUB

A Year of Athletics at Sweet Briar

NATURALLY the athletic enthusiasm at Sweet Briar is abnormally great because of the situation of our college here in this rolling Virginia hill-country. It has been pronounced especially this last year, since our enrollment of two hundred and thirty students and a liberal athletic fee have enabled the Association to do a great many things which a lack of funds, if not of enthusiasm, would have made impossible. We think that Sweet Briar has never been lacking in athletic spirit, even with a comparatively small number of students.

Shortly after college opens in the fall, before any organized work in athletics is possible, the tennis-courts, and the lake, foremost of all, are means of displaying the summer tan, and the "stunts" acquired during the vacation. Perhaps a word of explanation about the lake would be wise, to assuage the anxiety of all nervous relatives. For beginners in the Fine Art of Swimming, there is a so-called "pen," safely floored shoulder-deep, and bordered around so that the struggling, sputtering novice may have frequent recourse to the sides, and practice leg movements with very satisfactory results.

In deeper water our athletic instructor rules, guiding more venturesome and stronger spirits beside her boat to realms beyond the diving platforms, which separate the width of the lake into thirds.

An important event of the fall is a swimming contest. Endurance and rapidity races, as well as diving competitions and "stunts," are indulged in. In fact, in the fall the lake is quite "à la mode," with the latest Atlantic City frilled caps and Dutch bonnets of its more exclusive frequenters. We refuse to divulge the garb of the "intellectual" swimmer.

Those who do not care for the water row about in the splendid new boats of the Association, whose dazzling silvery sides entrance the eye of the desperate swimmer as she struggles for the diving-platform, "a haven of refuge."

Now, can you imagine, O patient reader, the lake at Sweet Briar for which we have been so berated on account of the fact that a goodly part of our legacy was spent in making it? We wish to express our gladness and gratitude that such was the case.

Now it is beginning to grow colder and the organizations are well under way. There are rumors of match-games on the basket-ball field, and a general buzz of excitement and anticipation hums throughout the corridors. At last

the fatal day arrives and "Athletics" and "Giants" tramp, with measured and imposing step, past the cedar windbrake to the field of Victory or Defeat. 'Midst a clatter of chafing-dish tops and flutter of streamers, the teams go on the field. You can almost hear a leaf fall. Then, as score after score piles up for the "Athletics," you can hear re-echo the belligerent notes of opposing rooters.

There follows another afternoon of tension—and Victory for the "Giants." On the third day studies are cast to the winds and the entire college, grinds and all, turns out as partisans in the cause of "Giants" or "Athletics." The practice games have brought forth the errant herd of loiterers, who munch Book-Shop crackers and Tea-House dainties. They are scarcely recognizable as those heretofore indolent and blase maidens. Their faces are red from the exertion of yelling, and their erstwhile "biscuit" hair stands forth in challenging Psyches and careless plaits. At last the whistle blows and the game is called, just as the "Giants" are about to make a goal. Crestfallen countenances try to beam generously at the victorious side, and succeed only in sick, half-hearted smiles as they trudge back to the dormitories.

By dinner time, however, differences are forgotten and the two teams feast side by side in the refectory. There is superfluity of bestarched white skirts and shining faces, supported by uncomfortable stocks with white or blue ties.

By this time the snow clouds are lowering and there are nightly surmises as to the time and depth of the snow. However, the weather-man is mistaken—a cold snap arrives and the lake is frozen! Experts, beginners, and Southern girls who have never seen ice before, crunch along the frozen road through the ram-inhabited field to the lake, oft-times armed with cudgels to ward off the foe. The skating is excellent and the beginners are commencing to be intoxicated by the gliding movement over the ice, when the belated prophecy of the weather-man comes true and the ice is covered with snow. Now the crowd divides, half taking advantage of the brand-new flexible-fliers bought by the Association. The Apartment House hill is a mass of whizzing arms, legs and snow, with a medley of excited squeals.

There are skating parties and bonfires after lights, and mysterious whisperings and crunchings in the moonlight as they return.

The ice melts and the snow is gone. The ground is slushy—our dull season has arrived. Calisthenics classes are organized, and drives and rides are resorted to. However, this is most fortunate, as it implants dissatisfaction

in the breasts of the majority, and makes them eager for Field Day, with its hard practice, and even for the training for the May Day dances on the green.

Field Day is here at last! There is an unbounded wave of college spirit, white and green streamers float in the breeze, and there is a recurrence of chafing-dish lids. The near-by villages hear the piercing "hurrahs" at a broken Vassar record in the Hop, Step and Jump.

There are hurdle races and high jumps for those of giraffe-like proportions, and throws and shot-puts for those of more concentrated vitality. Lemonade and sandwiches are served to refresh the hot and excited crowd after the contests are over. The record breakers and makers are borne away to receive the openly longed-for and secretly coveted S. B.'s. Of course the inscription of "Jim" Hayes' name on the loving-cup is an annual occurrence.

Now everything in Athletics in organized form has been completed except the tennis tournament. Attention is concentrated on the evenly-matched games, and the girls saunter out in white, and gather in small groups under the gigantic cherry trees which overshadow the courts. The tournament lasts for a week, and at the end of that time the energetic victors in the various sports may rest on their laurels until the beginning of another college year.



Dramatics

"Paint and Patches"

OFFICERS

MARY TYLER	<i>President</i>
BESSIE GRAMMER	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY PINKERTON	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES RICHARDSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

COMMITTEE

EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
ELIZABETH FRANK

MEMBERS

NINA ALLEN
ELIZABETH ANDERSON
HESTER ANDERSON
MARTINA AMBUHL

SARAH ARNOLD
FLORENCE BACON
ANNA BARLEY
JEANNETTE BARR

EVA BAYLY
LOUISE BEADLES
ELOISE BIRNEY
MATHILDE BOOTH
MOSELLE BOOTH
ALICE BRAZELTON

EVELYN BROH
LIDA BRONSON
JOSEPHINE BROWNE
SARAH BROWNE

MARY JANE BROWN
MARY BRYAN
META HOLT BRYAN
MARY BUELL

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EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
CATHERINE BURNS
REBEKAH BULLARD

CLYTIE CARROLL
MARTHA CHAPMAN
ELSIE CHOPE
EUGENIA CULBERSON

GRACE CARROLL
LETA CAMP
ANTOINETTE CAMP
ELIZABETH CARRISON

JANE CUNNINGHAM
THEODOSIA CLARK
VIRA CONE
MARIAN DA CAMARA

EUGENIA DABNEY
LOUISE DAVIS
MARGARET DAVIES
JESSIE DARDEN

SUSANNA DENMAN
DOROTHY DICKSON
KATHLEEN DOHERTY
MARGUERITE DREW

MARGARET DUVALL
ERNA DRIVER
GRACE DEXTER
LELIA DEW

ALMA EISENDRATH
GERTRUDE EISENDRATH
MILDRED ELY
CLARE ERCK

HARRIET EVANS
DOROTHEA EAGLESFIELD
LILLIAN FOSTER
MAY FOSTER

MARY PAULINE FORDTRAX
ELIZABETH FRANKE
MARJORIE FRENCH
LILLIAN FULLER

KATHERINE GAY
EDITH GIBBS
WINIFRED GOLDSMITH
BESSIE GRAMMER

MARY PAGE GRAMMER
DOROTHY GRAMMER
MARGARET GRANT
ELIZABETH GREEN

JANE GREGORY
DAISY GUGGENHEIMER
CAROLYN GWATHMEY
LEONA GUNTHER

MARGARET HADDOCK
MILDRED HALE
RUTH HAUSER
NATALIE HAWLEY

MEMBERS—Continued

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MARTHA HINES
AGNES HOOD
EVA HORNER

FLORA HOWE
FLORENCE HALBACH
ELLEN HOWISON
KATHLEEN HODGE

CORNELIA HONOR
ADELAIDE HEMPSTEAD
HELEN JALONICK
AGNES JONES

NELLE KELLER
EMILY KERSEY
KATHERINE KUNCKLE
KATHERINE KIRK

HELEN LAMFROM
VIRGINIA LEITCH
DELIA LINDSAY
ELISE LLOYD

CORINNE LOEB
MARIE LORTON
LUCY LANTZ
CONSTANCE LEACHMAN

ALICE LEMLEY
LUCY MORRIS
CYNTHIA MAGEE
HAZEL MARSHALL

LUCILE MARSHALL
GRACE MARTIN
JANET MASON
FRANCES MATSON

ABBIE MUNROE
RUTH MAURICE
HELEN McCARY
OTELIA MEDLIN

SALLIE MULLER
KATHERINE MIZE
ALICE MOSELEY
HELEN NICHOLSON

ADELAIDE NORFLEET
JULIA-JEAN NELSON
ELOISE ORME
KATE OSBORNE

MARY OSBORNE
FRANCES PENNYPACKER
REBEKAH PATTON
AUGUSTA PEARCE

HELEN PENNOCK
ELSIE PALMER
HILDA PERRY
LILIAN PHILPOT

KATHERINE PICKETT
MARY PINKERTON
EUNICE PRITCHETT
MARGARETHA RIBBLE

MEMBERS—Continued

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FRANCES RICHARDSON
PHOEBE ROBBINS
ANNE ROBERTS

VIRGINIA ROBERTSON
ELLEN ROBINSON
JESSIE RUCKER
LEL RED

LUCILE SATTERTHWAIT
LUCILE SCHOOLFIELD
GLADYS SCHUMMERS
FRANCES SHOLAR

ENID SIPE
SUSIE SLAUGHTER
ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE
PEGGY STALEY

REBECCA STOUT
ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
ALICE SWAIN
ETHEL SHOOP

BARBARA SCHREIER
NANCY SCHMELZ
ANNA SCHUTTE
DOROTHY TAYLOR

MARY TAYLOR
DOROTHY TARBELL
MARGARET TEMPLE
MAYO THACH

KATHRYNE THOMPSON
EMMA THOMAS
HAZEL TRIMBLE
MARY TYLER

ELSIE WALKUP
DOROTHY WALLACE
NANCY WATSON
FLORENCE WATTLES

HELENA WEBSTER
MARGUERITE WEFEL
ANNA WILLS
LOULIE WILSON

SEA WILLOW WARD
REBECCA WHITE
ELSIE ZAEGEL



TYLER



PINKERTON



GRAMMER



RICHARDSON

DRAMATIC CLUB

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion"

THE OLD MEMBERS
OF
THE DRAMATIC CLUB
PRESENT
"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"
TO THE
NEW GIRLS OF SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
October 21, 1911

Cast

Missionary	HELEN LAMFROM
Drinkwater	MAYO THACH
Sir H. Hallam	ELSIE ZAEGEL
Captain Brassbound	MARY TYLER
Marzo	ELIZABETH GREEN
Redbrook	FRANCES RICHARDSON
Johnson	ELLEN HAYES
Osman	ELIZABETH FRANKE
Sidi el Assif	CLARE ERCK
The Cadi	BERNICE RICHARDSON
Captain Kearney	NELLE KELLER
Blue Jacket	GRACE CARROLL
Lady Cicely	BESSIE GRAMMER
Porter	HARRIET EVANS

Sailors, Attendants

ACT I—Mogadar. The Missionary's Garden.
ACT II—Meskala. In a Castle on the Hills.
ACT III—Mogadar. In the Missionary's House.

"She Stoops to Conquer"

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

SWEET BRIAR

December 9, 1911

Cast

Sir Chas. Marlow	MARIAN DA CAMARA
Young Marlow	MARGARET TEMPLE
Squire Hardeastle	BERNICE RICHARDSON
George Hastings	CLARE ERCK
Tony Lumpkin	LILLIAN FOSTER
Diggory	EUNICE PRITCHETT
Roger	KATHERINE KIRK
Thomas	MARGARET HADDOCK
Sturgo	MARIAN FAUST
Slang	KATHERINE GAY
Mat Muggins	MARGARET GRANT
Tom Twist	MARY P. FORDTRAN
Aminadab	EMILY KERSEY
Mrs. Hardeastle	MARGARET STALEY
Kate Hardeastle	DELIA LINDSAY
Constance Neville	ELSIE PALMER
Barmaid	VIRGINIA ROBERTSON

COMMITTEE

SUE SLAUGHTER, Chairman

HARRIET EVANS, Stage Manager

AGNES JONES, Mistress of the Wardrobe

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

June, 1912, in the Sweet Briar Dell.



THE RIPPLERS

The Ríppers

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH FRANKE *President*
ERNA DRIVER *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

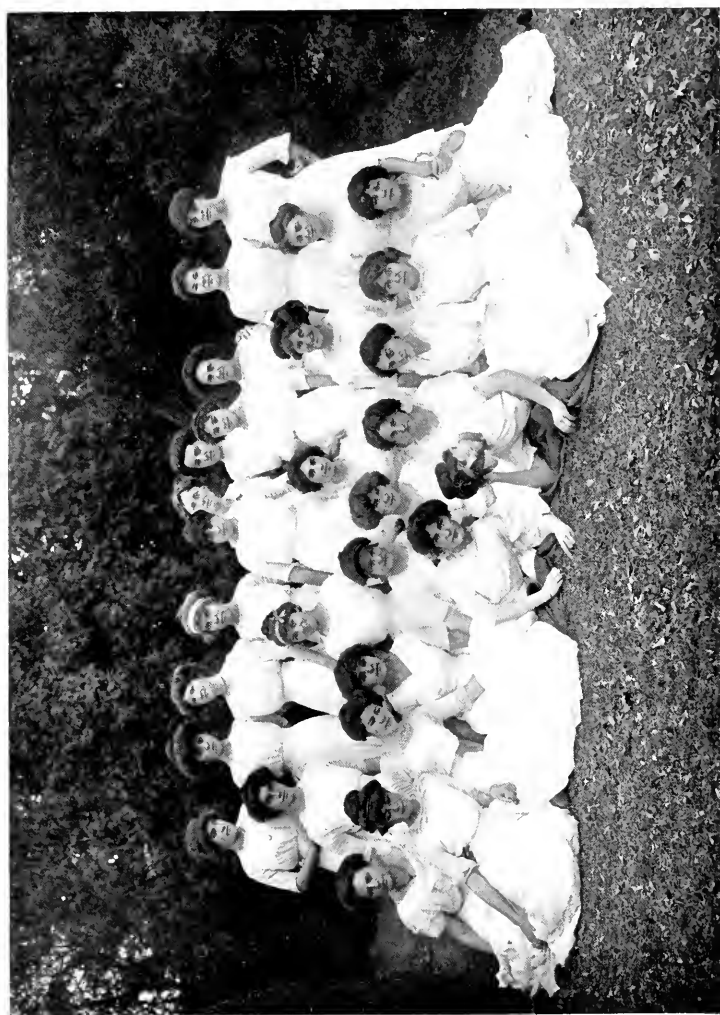
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON	CLARE ERCK
ELIZABETH CARRISON	LILLIAN FOSTER
THEODOSIA CLARK	ELIZABETH FRANKE
ERNA DRIVER	WINIFRED GOLDSMITH

BESSIE GRAMMER
DOROTHY GRAMMER
MARY PAGE GRAMMER
NELLE KELLER
HELEN LAMFROM
DELIA LINDSAY
CORINNE LOEB
HAZEL MARSHALL
LUCILE SCHOOLFIELD
KATHERINE MIZE
MARY PINKERTON
EUNICE PRITCHETT
BERNICE RICHARDSON

ANNE SCHUTTE	HAZEL TRIMBLE
ENID SIPE	DOROTHY WALLACE
MARGARET STALEY	REBECCA WHITE
MARGARET TEMPLE	ELSIE ZAEGEL

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CONNIE M. GUION
MISS ANNIE M. POWELL



ROCHESTER

"The Knight of the Burning Pestle"

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

Saturday, January 27, 1912

THE RIPPLERS

PRESENT

"THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE"

BY

BEAUFMONT AND FLETCHER, 1613

Cast

Speaker of the Prologue	ELIZABETH FRANKE
A Citizen	HELEN LAMFROM
His Wife	KATHARINE MIZE
Ralph, his apprentice	DOROTHY WALLACE
First Boy	MARGARET STALEY
Second Boy	DELIA LINDSAY
Venturewell, a merchant	MARIAN DA CAMARA
Humphrey	EUNICE PRITCHETT
Merrythought	LUCILE MARSHALL
Jasper { his sons	{ HAZEL MARSHALL
Michael {	{ REBECCA WHITE
Tim, his apprentice	ERNA DRIVER
Host	MARGARET STALEY
Barber {	NELLE KELLER
Tapster {	
Luce, daughter of Venturewell	MARY PAGE GRAMMER
Mistress Merrythought	DOROTHY GRAMMER
Pompionia, daughter of the King of Moldavia	CORINNE LOEB

Gentlemen Sitting upon the Stage

SCENE: London and the Neighboring Country, excepting ACT IV, SCENE 2,
where it is in Moldavia

COMMITTEE

MARY PINKERTON, Chairman

CLARE ERCK

DELIA LINDSAY

THE MERRY JESTER



Merry Festers

OFFICERS

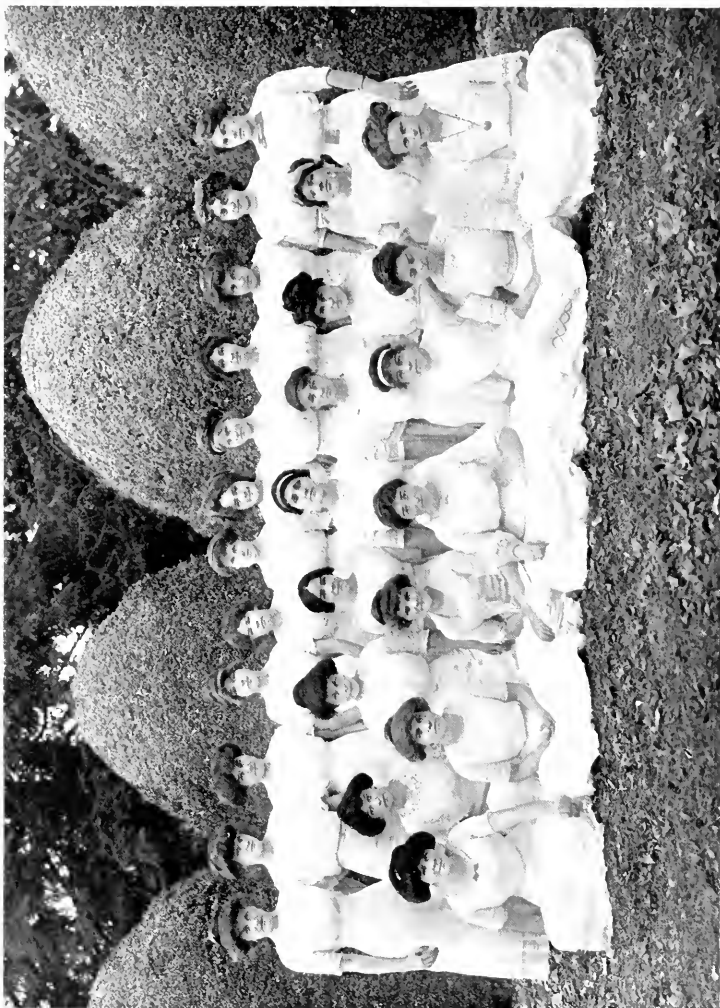
MARY TYLER *President*
 ELLEN HAYES *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

SARAH ARNOLD	HARRIET EVANS
ELIZABETH BAKER	LILLIAN FULLER
LELIA DEW	ELIZABETH GREEN
DOROTHEA EAGLESFIELD	ELLEN HOWISON

ELLEN HAYES
 AGNES JONES
 ELISE LLOYD
 HELEN McCARY
 RUTH MAURICE
 KATE OSBORNE
 MARY OSBORNE
 ELOISE ORME
 AUGUSTA PEARCE
 HILDA PERRY
 ANNE ROBERTS
 FRANCES RICHARDSON
 REBECCA STOUT
 LUCILE SATTERTHWAIT
 NANCY SCHMELZ

FRANCES SHOLAR	DOROTHY TARBELL
ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE	MARY TYLER
MAYO THACH	NANCY WATSON
EMMY THOMAS	SALLIE WATSON



MERRY JESTERS

"Quality Street"

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

Monday, November 20, 1911

THE MERRY JESTERS

PRESENT

"QUALITY STREET"

Cast

Granville Howard	LILIAN FULLER
Lieutenant Wright	DOROTHEA EAGLESFIELD
Lieutenant Small	ELLEN HOWISON
Winchester	ANNE ROBERTS
Pepper	DOROTHY TARBELL
Albert Wallace	HARRIET EVANS
Sergeant	FRANCES SHOLAR
Sarah Sparrow	HELEN McCARY
Phoebe Sparrow	REBECCA STOUT
Julie Longweed	KATE OSBORNE
Matilda Longweed	MARY OSBORNE
Isabel	LUCILE SATTERTHWAIT
Ellen	ELISE LLOYD

Young Ladies and Children

ACT I—Interior of Sarah Sparrow's Home.

ACT II—Same as ACT I.

ACT III—Military Hop.

ACT IV—Same as ACT I.

COMMITTEE

ELIZABETH BAKER, Chairman

LELIA DEW

MARY PINKERTON

SARAH ARNOLD

ELIZABETH FRANK

MUSIC



MINOR.



Choir

OFFICERS

MRS. ROLLINS	<i>Organist</i>
MISS CRAWFORD	<i>Director</i>
CONSTANCE LEACHMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>
PEGGY DUVALL	<i>Secretary</i>

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GLADYS BEYERS	MISS HULL	VIRGINIA ROBERTSON
LIDA BRONSON	HELEN JALONICK	HELEN PENNOCK
SARAH BROWN	MISS GILDER	ELLEN ROBINSON
MARJORIE DE SUANE	CONSTANCE LEACHMAN	HAZEL TRIMBLE
PEGGY DUVALL	HAZEL MARSHALL	EMMY THOMAS
MISS JANET EASTMEAD	LUCILE MARSHALL	HENRIETTA WASHBURN
MARGARET ELY	GRACE MINOR	SALLIE WATSON
LILLIAN FOSTER	MISS MORENUS	HENRIETTA WADSWORTH
MARY PAULINE FORTERAN	HELEN NICHOLSON	HELENA WEBSTER



The Choir

Sweet Briar Orchestra

MISS CHARLOTTE KENDALL HULL CONDUCTOR

Violins

MISS GRACE MARTIN
MISS MARGARET GRANT
MR. WINSTON WILKINSON
MR. WHEELER BUCKINGHAM
MISS MARGARET LEWIS
MISS NANCY WATSON
MISS EMMY THOMAS
MISS LILLAN FULLER

Viola

MISS ETHEL GARDNER

Violincellos

MRS. W. E. ROLLINS MISS TAYLOR

Bass

MISS WINNIE WALKER

Flute

DR. W. E. WALKER

Clarinet

DR. GEORGE E. WALKER

Oboe

MISS RUBY WALKER

Piano

MISS HENRIETTA WASHBURN



Glee Club

MISS HELEN F. YOUNG *Director*
HELEN NICHOLSON *Accompanist*
PEGGY DUVALL *Secretary*

SOPRANOS

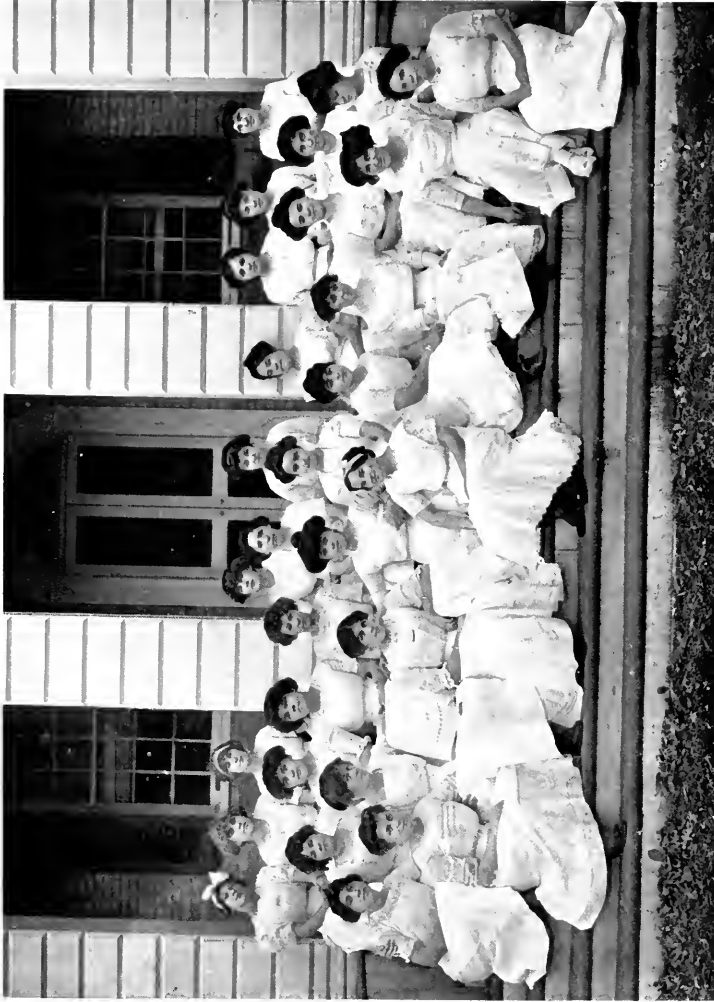
ELIZABETH ANDERSON	MARTHA JONES
LIDA BRONSON	KATHERINE KUNCKLE
MARJORIE DU SHANE	CONSTANCE LEACHMAN
CLAIRE ERCK	CORINNE LOEB
ELEN HOWISON	MARY OSBORNE
HELEN JALONICK	HILDA PERRY
HAZEL TRIMBLE	

SECOND SOPRANOS

JANE CUNNINGHAM	MARGARET HADDOCK
PEGGY DUVALL	MARY HERD
MARY PAULINE FORDTRAN	AGNES HOOD
MAY FOSTER	CATHERINE PICKETT
HELENA WEBSTER	
HENRIETTA WADSWORTH	

ALTOS

JOSEPHINE BROWN	GRACE MINOR
MARIAN DA CAMARA	FRANCES RICHARDSON
LILLIAN FOSTER	HELEN PENNOCK
CYRILLA HUMES	SALLIE WATSON
FRANCES MATSON	LOULIE WILSON
HENRIETTA WASHBURN	



GLEE CLUB

Hymn to Sweet Briar

Guard the children, *Alma Mater*,
Lent to thy directing care;
Teach them truths of purest wisdom,
Give them thoughts of beauty rare.

May the life of toil and struggle
Spent within thy shel't'ring walls,
Fit them for a vaster field
Of service when the world recalls.

May the comrades we have loved
Be ever of our lives a part,
Bind the ties of friendship closer
As into the world we start.

Breathe into our hearts the spirit
Of thy ever peaceful hills;
May it linger with us as the
Fragrance which thy rose distils.

M. RIBBLE, '13.

Publications

Briar Patch

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FRANCES N. MATSON	<i>Associate Editor</i>
LOULIE M. WILSON }	<i>Business Managers</i>
ELSIE L. ZAEGEL }	



Sweet Briar Magazine

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MAYO THACH
ELIZABETH GREEN
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SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE

Debating Club

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DEBATING CLUB



MAY DAY

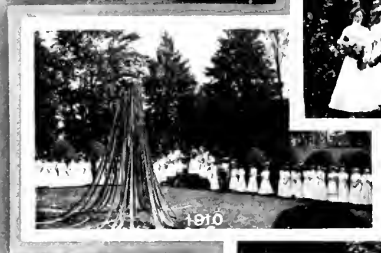
May Days

IT MUST have been the circle of old box-wood in front of Sweet Briar House which started May Day, for its great, green stacks seem designed as a background for the flowers and streamers of the May Pole Dance. On the first May Day, the "thirty-six" crowned Anne Royal Queen of May and wound the May Pole in the circle. The Peacock gave a touch of splendor by spreading his blue and green and gold in front of the throne.

Mary Brooke was the next May Queen. There is a picture of her standing in the sunshine, crowned with white flowers, one hand shading her laughing face. When the Queen was crowned and had made her speech to her subjects, she came down from her throne to dance a minuet with some of her courtiers on the grass. The ladies wore colonial costumes with panniers of pale blue, pink, and lavender, while the "gentlemen" were dressed in white with white stocks. After the winding of the May Pole came a little peasant dance, called the "Ace of Diamonds." The dancers waited outside the box-circle until, at a signal, they darted between the bushes into the circle and danced to a gay, skipping tune, while they clapped their hands in time to the music.

May Day of nineteen hundred and nine was a day of high, blowing wind. The procession arrived, blown and breathless, in the garden, where the circle of tall box-bushes sheltered from the wind. Josephine Murray was the May Queen. She was a very queenly type, tall and fair, with blue eyes and great braids of flaxen hair wound about her head.

After the crowning of the Queen and the dance around the May Pole, a herald announced that the play, "Robin Hood," would be given in the dell, for the entertainment of the Queen. This was the first outdoor play given at Sweet Briar. It is always associated in my mind with "As You Like It," because, except for performances on a square of turf with a background of brick buildings, "Robin Hood" was the first outdoor play I had ever seen, and "As You Like It" was the most beautiful. The wind howled and whistled through the trees and the performers had a hard struggle to make their voices carry against it up the hill, but the setting and action were as sylvan as could be desired. The "brave shots" of the Merry Men fell somewhat short of the



MAY DAY

mark, and no one was ever able to evoke a blast from the handsome cow-horn that Robin Hood wore slung at his belt, but these slight mishaps only made the performance more interesting.

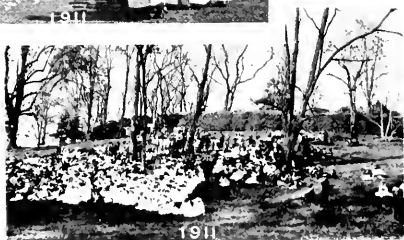
Josephine Murray was chosen May Queen for the next year. The winding of the May Pole was the only dance in the box-wood circle. In the dell the "Masque of Flowers" was presented. It opened with a contest between Winter and Spring, each claiming for its season the best sports and the most enjoyment. Winter led on the God of Tobacco, Silenus, the God of Wine, and the Morris Dancers. Spring summoned the flowers, roses, daffodils, crocuses, and morning-glories. The Flowers danced on the hillside where their petals showed as bright bits of color through a screen of branches and green leaves.

Last year, a troop of Kate Greenaway children, in short-waisted dresses and quaint caps and bonnets, came into the box-wood circle with flowers in their arms as if they had just been Maying. As the Queen, with her court, entered, they threw flowers in her path, singing:

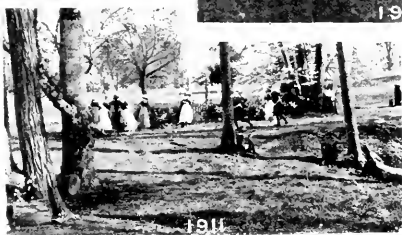
"With roses, red roses, we'll pelt her with roses,
And lilies, white lilies, we'll drop at her feet."

The May Queen and her court wore pale pink and carried pink roses. Margaret Cobb made a lovely and gracious Queen. Her speech had a dramatic quality that gave you the impression of a royal and charming presence. After the ceremonies of the Queen's crowning and the May Pole dance, the "Romaunt of the Rose" was given in dances in the dell. The dell, with a rustic wall and gate, was the Garden of the Rose. The Dreamer entered it to encounter Ydnesse, Gladnesse, Curtseye, Sir Mirthe and his crew, until the Queen Rose, with her company of roses, danced down the hill to the dell, where they swayed, reflected in the pool. The dancers wore Greek gowns of a color to symbolize the character each represented in the play. Gladnesse wore yellow; Danger, bright scarlet; Curtseye was dressed in lavender, and Ydnesse in peacock-blue, while Sir Mirthe wore a green costume covered with brown leaves.

The Glee Club concert last year, instead of being given indoors as usual, was sung on the steps of Sweet Briar House, while the girls were dressed in their Kate Greenaway costumes. They sang spring songs in celebration of May Day.



MAY DAY



MAY DAY

Sweet Briar Song

Sing to Sweet Briar on the campus, girls,
And breathe it to the lake,
Shout across the old arcades,
And make the echoes wake.

In the beauty of the sunset,
By the twilight moon and star,
Glorious in the sunrise,
Blue Ridge Mountains loom afar.

Trellised roses in the springtime,
And the golden leaves of fall,
Make it more like Paradise,
Than any spot at all.

The Legend of the Sangre de Christo

THE long, dusty road gleamed golden in the setting sun, and the hills in all their glory showed purple-red shadows. These same shadows, which gave the hills their name, still cause the native to look westward at sunset and, taking off his hat, to whisper, "Sangre de Christo! Sangre de Christo!" It is an evening benediction—this murmured name. There is a legend—a story of long ago—which tells of the coming of the red sunset glow and how the range came to be called "Blood of Christ."

When the only settlement consisted of a few small Spanish huts, there came to dwell in Wet Mountain, a "gringo," named Jose. He was a silent man, who took up his land and ran his cattle without a word for any one. The natives looked at him and wondered whence he came, but they did little beside wonder, for never a reason did he give of "whence" or "why." His cattle, few in number, were run on a regular range, with only an occasional hand to help in the short drives.

After he had been there a few years, he married a pretty little half-breed, the only daughter of an exceedingly worthless father. By the time of his marriage to Juanita his herd had increased to a thousand head, and he was considered the wealthiest man in the country. Every one expected that he would build a permanent cabin, but never a log did he lay. He took his bride to the little dobie shack, which he had built when he first came. No one quite understood how the marriage had come about. One day Jose had ridden to the parish house and told the padre that on the morrow at early mass he would wed. The padre, astounded, asked no questions, and Jose volunteered no information. The next morning Jose and Juanita were married, with no witnesses save the exceedingly worthless father and a few early worshippers. At the close of the ceremony (before driving away) Juanita had handed an envelope to the padre. Opening it in the sacristy, before disrobing, he had found nothing but a print of the thorn-crowned heart, and written across the back, "Pray for me."

Two years passed. Many people came to the valley; civilization advanced, and Jose's herd grew larger and larger. Still he lived in the little dobie hut, and no one ever saw Juanita. In truth, few people had seen her since her

marriage, and in the growth of the valley she had been lost to immediate memory. Some one occasionally asked Jose how his wife was, but it was only occasionally, as Jose was not over-cordial in conversation.

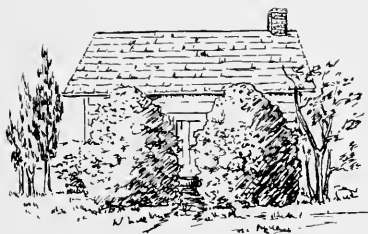
One night in midwinter, so goes the tale, the padre heard some one in the church. Hastening over from the parish house, he was astounded to see Juanita, or rather a ghost of the former Juanita, kneeling before the shrine of the Sacred Heart. The sanctuary lamp cast a flickering shadow over the woman bowed in silent prayer.

"Juanita, my child!" said the padre. With a murmured "Pray for me," she flitted down the aisle, and out of the door. Hoof-beats sounded on the frozen road, and the padre, hastening after her, saw from the church door a horse and rider going full speed over the snow-covered flats towards the hut of Jose.

The next night at sunset the range took on a peculiar glow. A great, black shadow of a cross, was distinctly seen upon the snowy peak of Blanca, and above it glowed a purple-red heart crowned with thorns. Every one saw it. It came and stayed, clear and distinct, until the shadows of night shut it from the eyes of the terrified country folk. Later, when the moon came up, a faint, rosy glow still showed on the peak, and below it could be seen the shadowy outline of a cross. That night the padre, hastening on a sick call, stopped in the church for the Host. Kneeling before the shrine of the Sacred Heart, he saw Juanita. With a whispered "Pray for me" she eluded him when he attempted to stop her. He hastened after her, but when he reached the door no living soul could be seen on the snowy prairies.

Before daybreak the hut of Jose and all therein burned to the ground. No one saw the fire start; no one knew anything of it. All that told the tale was a mass of blackened embers. Vague rumors were afloat, but none ever knew anything, save that each evening when the day-god goes to rest a peculiar red glow comes upon the hills and falls over the valley. High upon Blanca shows a rosy spot, below which the outline of a cross can be faintly traced. It is to this outline that the valley man turns as he murmurs reverently: "Sangre de Christo! Sangre de Christo!"

R. M., '15.



The Tea-House

UST off Sweet Briar House stands a little two-room cottage, with its entrance guarded by great box-trees. This little building, familiar to us all as "the tea-house," has an interesting connection with the history of Sweet Briar plantation, and of Sweet Briar College. In the early days, when Sweet Briar was a thriving plantation in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, this picturesque cottage was used as an office by the overseer. It was there, that, after the war, the hands came to get their pay and their "dram," and where the business of the farm was transacted. For a time, the son of the House, young Dr. Sydney Fletcher, used it as a medical office, and his patients, not very many of them, I gather, came from round about, brushed through the box-bushes, and knocked at the door of the Little House, asking counsel. Dr. Sydney Fletcher soon left to practice elsewhere, and then the Little House was rented out, together with the "overseer's lot," and "a little piece at the lower edge of the orchard," to William Caulfield, a Scotchman.

We would like to associate the Little House more definitely with Mrs. Williams, and with Daisy. One can easily see a baby-girl peeping through the box-bushes and making roguish eyes at her mammy; but it is only fancy. There is no record of the Little House being used as play-house or nursery, and the only pictures we have of Daisy are the grave, quiet little faces that look down at us from the walls of Sweet Briar House.

When the sad time came to Sweet Briar, when Mrs. Williams, widowed, childless, heartbroken, was alone in Sweet Briar House, it was the Little House that stood between her and complete isolation. The Little House was let to Frank Farrer and his sister, and to them "Miss Indie" owed many acts of kindness in the desolate days. It was Mr. Frank Farrer who first found the body of Mrs. Williams lying dead in Daisy's room.

When the fondest wish of Mrs. Williams was realized, and the college which she so earnestly desired to found in memory of her daughter was opened,

the character of the Little House changed with the changed character of the estate. The outside was altered somewhat, and inside it was fitted up as a tiny infirmary for contagious cases. Modern plumbing was introduced, and



a simple hospital equipment, while modern philanthropy was quite outdone by the great bushes of syringa and of Japanese quince that nodded at the windows. In spite of these inducements no patients appeared. So the Little House adapted itself again to the growing needs of the College. The music department overflowed its boundaries. Pianos were brought in, and the passers-by heard music—or, at least, music in the making—issuing from industrious fingers. The next year brought new buildings and new music rooms, but no new patients; it looked as if the Little

House was to stand idle. Then came the Tea-House plan!

ORIGIN OF THE TEA-HOUSE

We can hardly give a single object for the Tea-House. It was drawn into existence by a four-in-hand motive, each doing its part. There was the vigorous afternoon exercise, on foot or horseback, with oar or tennis racquet; the ravenous young appetite resulting therefrom, and the long, long, year-long wait, till six-o'clock dinner. There was the commissary, smiled on by students and frowned on by the Physician; with its stale cake and candy of uncertain ancestry; with its one tin cup, which served strange concoctions called "soft drinks," and which passed from lip to lip in true loving-cup fashion. There was the Domestic Science Department with scientific views of nutrition and sympathetic views of youth. Last but not least, there was an academic motive. The Tea-House should be instrumental in developing higher education. This was the plan: The Little House, in its new capacity, should sell "cakes and ale" (home-made cake and unimpeachable ginger ale) to the students, and the proceeds were to found a scholarship at college.

HISTORY OF THE TEA-HOUSE

On an early day in the spring of 1908, the Tea-House held its opening reception. The daffodils had bloomed in Sweet Briar garden, and the Little House fairly blossomed with them. A cold March wind drove the guests from the porches. They gathered round the leaping yellow of the flames in the big fireplace, and ate golden sponge-cake and orange-ice, and each one carried away a fluffy Easter chicken as a souvenir.

From then till June, the Faculty kept the Tea-House open twice a week. Each department served in turn. Even the Medical Department relaxed, and supplied the students with their special delicacy, home-made ice cream and soda water, which surpassed, so they said, even that of the drug stores in Lynchburg. These were the social days of the Tea-House. Faculty and students froliced together like one big family, sometimes indoors, round the open fire; oftener on the open porches, under the blossoming syringa, with ice cream in the foreground and the Blue Ridge in the distance.



The fall of 1908 found the Tea-House an assured success. It had outgrown the Faculty and required the services of an expert. The Founders became a Board of Control, and Miss Carroll took the postoffice and the Tea-House into her capable hands. The Tea-House enlarged its activities and gave a Holiday Sale of things to eat and things to wear. This has become a yearly custom, and helps to solve the Christmas-present problem for the students. We need not follow the fortunes of the Tea-House in further detail. It has been in various hands, but always it has grown, steadily and surely, until now it is an important part of the social life of Sweet Briar. The Tea-House takes orders for all the parties given at Sweet Briar, from the stately class dinner to a "Bowery" frolic, and from the box-bushes goes forth a long procession of birthday cakes. It is credibly asserted that one year there were two hundred and fifteen birthdays, each with cake and candle, among one hundred and ninety-two students. The Scholarship Fund is growing. The Little House is a part of the new life—as it was part of the old.



To Sweet Briar

If you want to go to college
And you don't know where to go,
Just go to dear old Sweet Briar—
So say they all who know.
Of course you'll have to study
And burn the midnight oil,
But when you're getting knowledge
What do you care for toil?

If you want to go to college
For both the work and play,
That place is dear old Sweet Briar,
You'll hear the students say:
The best on earth for learning,
The best on earth for fun,
The best on earth for everything,
The best beneath the sun!

L. WILSON, '12.

Ezra, the Progressive



EZRA has sold his automobile! announced Mrs. Martin, triumphantly, as she came out on the porch, carrying in her hands a big pan of unshelled beans.

"So Mr. Martin owns a machine?" asked I, somewhat surprised, for I had never seen it during all the weeks I had been staying at the Martin farm.

"Well, I should say he does own one," replied my talkative landlady. "Didn't I ever tell you 'bout it? Well, well!" and she settled herself complacently in her big rocker.

"I never did have no use for automobiles, nobow, an' I jus' told Ezra so. You rever can tell when the thing is goin' to explode. I told Ezra I'd as soon set on a keg of gunpowder, as on one of them there things, but he wouldn't listen.

"Jus' think, Jemima, how soon we could get into town," says he. "Why, an auto could go ten times as fast as old Nellie."

"Well, I reminded him as how old Nellie had served us faithfully for ten years, an' how a horse at least keeps to the road, an' you never can tell when these autos is goin' to start runnin' up trees an' banks an' everything else; but Ezra said as how he'd get a chiffonier to run it at first. An' I jus' seen there warn't no use talkin'; for when men gets their heads set, there ain't no use for us poor women to reason with 'em. Don't you ever marry a man, Miss Clifton. They is too headstrong.

"Well, for 'bout two months the postoffice had to hire a new deliv'ry wagon to bring out Ezra's auto catalogues. They wuz jus' settin' all over everything. You could hardly find a place to put your hat down for them catalogues. And agents! My land! they would come out in the mornin', an' Ezra, spite of all I could say, would invite 'em to dinner, an' I'd have to hurry at the last minute an' make an extra pie, for agents is tremenjous eaters.

"I knew Ezra wouldn't be good for nothin' till he had one of the things; so one day when an agent, who et more than most, had jus' finished an 'normous dinner, I says to Ezra:

"Now, this here gentleman's machine'll do. It's large 'nough to hold all the children, an' cheap. If you're bound to get one, get that an' be done with it."

"You reckon we ain't decidin' in too much of a hurry?" says he.

"Well," says I, "if you be a-goin' to have many more agents a-settin' 'round here, I ain't goin' to have no more patience—or comp'ny dinners, either," says I.

"He saw I meant it, too, an' he an' that agent wuz hob-nobbin' all the afternoon. When Ezra came in, I knew by his expression that 'twuz all settled.

" 'Well,' says he, 'in a couple of weeks we'll have our new car!'

" 'Car!' says I, 'you don't mean you've gone an' got a trolley as well as an automobile!'

" 'Hub!' says he, 'a car is an automobile. I reckon it's 'bout time we got some way to communicate with civilization, if we're gettin' that ignorant.'

" 'I didn't say nothin', knowin' as men have to be humored, an' their crankiness put up with now an' then. It cert'nly is an art to manage a husband,' and Mrs. Martin sighed in comfortable content.

" 'Well, sure 'nough, in 'bout two weeks the thing came. 'Twuz big an' red an' made a most awful racket.

" 'The question wuz, where wuz we to keep the thing? The wagon house wuz plum full, an' Ezra said as how the machine wuz too good for such a rickety building. So he finally knocked the railing off our front porch an' built a slantin' thing to run the machine up on. An' there it wuz, settin' right out here, an' we didn't have no more use of this porch to set on. But Ezra was so pleased!

" 'Ev'ry one who rides by will see it,' says he, an' they'll know we've got one.'

" 'They'll know it all right!' says I, with 'u awful feelin' of what wuz comin'.

" 'Well, the chiffonier came out from town, an' he an' Ezra got out an' went up an' down the road a-tootin' an' a-squawkin'. Ezra didn't do any damage 'cept kill my favorite chicken an' lame the dog an' spoil my pausy bed; but so long as he didn't knock the house over I wuz thankful.

" 'In a few days Ezra said he could run it himself, an' let the chiffonier go.

" 'We'll go to church next Sunday in the machine,' says he. 'It'll take half'n hour, 'stead of two to get there.'

" 'Do you mean to say, Ezra Martin, that you'd take out that sacrilegious machine on Sunday? Doesn't the Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" The Scriptures wouldn't 'flow any such unrighteous machin'ry as that o' yours. It's bad 'nough on week days, but on Sunday it is—' an' I wuz that overcome I could't speak no more.

" 'Well,' says Ezra, sheepish-like, 'it's too bad you feel that way. I have sold Nellie, so I 'spect we'll go in the auto or walk.'

" 'I almost screamed: 'I ain't missed meetin' in twenty years,' says I, 'an' I can't begin now.'

" 'Then come into the auto!' says Ezra.

" 'Never!' says I, like they do on the stage.

"But when mornin' came I thought what Sallie Smith would say when she saw I wuzn't at meetin'. An' then I couldn't bear to think of Ezra startin' off in that machine withouten me to pr'tect him. So I prayed the Lord to forgive me, an' said I'd go.

"I put on the children's Sunday hats an' we all climbed into the auto; me in front, an' all the children shut up in the back. The back seemed safest, as there wuz least smell an' noise there. Ezra got out an' turned somethin' that looked like the handle of an ice-cream freezer, an' the thing began to bounce an' shake an' make a terrible fuss!

"'Oh! it's explodin'!' says I.

"'Sh!' says he, 'it's only startin'.'

"'Startin' to explode! I feel it!' says I; an' I wuz jus' gettin' out when he jumped in beside me, and pulled somethin' an' turned somethin' else, an' the thing started. My heart was beatin' two-forty. I knew no good would come o' such goin's-on on Sunday. If the thing had been a decent black, it wouldn't 'a' been so bad, but a red machine on the Sabbath! I'd as soon 'a' been in a circus procession.

"Well, Ezra was a twistin' an' turnin' the wheel for dear life, an' we sailed out o' the yard without hittin' anything. The road was straight an' smooth an' things went better at first than I 'spected. But punishment always catches up with them who break the Sabbath. Suddenly Ezra sat up very straight.

"'Darn!' says he.

"Well, Miss Clifton, as you may know, my husband ain't a swearin' man—if he wuz I wouldn't 'a' married him. Swearin' an' smokin' is two sins in men in which I say there ain't no 'sense for.

"I wuz too shocked to speak. So I looked from Ezra to the road—an' I didn't see no road. There wuz only cows all 'round us, an' more comin' out of a barn. Ezra tooted the squawker, an' then those that wuz at the side o' the road rushed down into the road, too. An' there they wuz, a-pushin' an' runnin' back and forth an' Ezra jus' makin' the old machine crawl. Then she stopped with a bang.

"'Darn!' says Ezra, 'she's stalled!'

"'Stopped! you mean,' says I p'litely. But he didn't answer; an' after waitin' 'bout ten minutes for the cows to get out o' the way, Ezra got out an' turned the freezer handle again, an' after more shakin' up till I felt like a pat o' churned butter, we went on.

"'Ezra,' says I, 'do you know that we ain't halfway to church yet an' have only five minutes to get there?'

"'I don't 'pprove o' gettin' to church before service begins,' says Ezra, with his eye on the wheel. 'I go for the sermon, an' not to gossip beforehand.'

"Which was aimed at me, an' I wuz jus' 'bout to answer when I screamed instead. Somebody had shot us. I heard the shot an' I screamed. I knew I wuzn't hit, but I thought o' them poor little children all alone in the back seat.

" 'Stop!' says I to Ezra; but there warn't no need to speak, for the old thing stopped of itself. I jumped up an' looked 'round at the children. I could hardly b'lieve my eyes that they wuz safe.

" 'Let's go on!' says I to Ezra, 'before that murderer shoots again.'

" 'Woman,' says he, 'we can't; the tire's broke.'

" 'So that's what he aimed at!' says I. 'He has shot the machine, an' now he'll come an' shoot us an' our little ones, one by one, when we can't 'scape,' an' I began to scream for help.

" 'Jemima!' says Ezra, 'don't be a fool. That noise warn't no shot. It wuz a blow-out.'

" 'A what?' says I.

" 'The tire blew out,' says he.

" 'Yes,' says I, 'I said we'd blow up if we went out in this unholy red machine on Sunday. Praise the Lord, it's only the tire an' not us an' our poor, innocent children what's blown up!'

" Ezra didn't say nothin'. I saw him look at the clock. It wuz five minutes past church time. I knew I could never again reprove Sallie Smith for irregular 'tendance at meetin'. But I lost no time in mournin'. I jumped out o' that machine, spectin' any minute that the rest o' the thing would explode like the tire. I took the children to a safe distance, an' came back to see what Ezra wuz up to. He had unlocked a box at the side o' the thing an' taken out some queer-lookin' tools.

" 'What you doin'?' says I.

" 'Fixin' this tire!' says he. An' with that he began pullin' at the old thing. It reminded me o' gettin' the cover off'n a fruit jar what ain't been opened for twenty years. What worried me most wuz that that Sunday suit of Ezra's, what he had worn so careful for five years that it looked 's good 's new, wuz gettin' all dirt. I offered to take off my wash skirt an' give it to him for an apron, but he jus' glared at me.

" Well, he went on a-workin' an' I a-watchin'; an' the more he worked at that old rubber, the madder he got. An' the more I looked at the clock the madder I got, for I knew church wuz out, an' folks would be a-passin' home an' seein' us a-settin' there by the road with that thing on Sunday.

" An' sure 'nough, just as I wuz 'fraid of, Sallie Smith wuz the first to come along in their buggy. I saw her comin' when 'twuz too late to hide, so I stood my ground.

" 'Good mornin'!' says she, 'such a fine sermon we had this mornin', on the subject of faith as shown by reg'lar 'tendance at meetin'. I s'pose you have had a nice ride?'

" 'Charmin'!' says I, 'we are jus' restin'!'

" 'So I see!' says she, lookin' at Ezra all covered with dust, an' the tools in his hand.

" 'It is so nice to have one day of rest!' says she, real spiteful-like. I didn't answer her, an', secin' that I kep' caln in the midst o' misfortune, she drove on. But I knew more would be comin' soon.

" 'Ezra,' says I, 'is that tire 'most on?'

" 'No!' says he, 'an' it ain't a-goin' to be, what's more. I don't b'lieve in puttin' on tires on Sunday, nohow.'

" 'Well,' says I, 'what you goin' to do?'

" 'We'll walk home,' says he; 'an' we'll start now before any more folks pass.'

" 'But the children?' says I.

" 'We'll go the short cut through the woods,' says he.

" 'But the auto?' says I.

" 'An' Ezra said a word what ain't fit for a lady to repeat.'

Mrs. Martin stopped for breath.

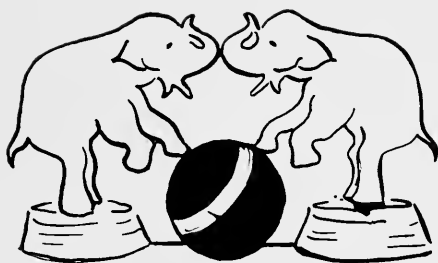
" 'But what did you do with the machine?' I questioned.

" 'Well, well! Ezra borrowed neighbor Brown's horses, an' he and' the hired man went down after dark an' drng it home, an' hid it in the barn. Ezra hasn't said auto since till he told me yesterday he had sold her very cheap.'

R. B. W., '13.







The Senior Circus

Everybody Was There. Homes Deserted for the Circus Grounds. All Anxious to "Renew their Youth."



Long before time for the parade to start, the refectory was crowded. Even Aunt Samantha, Uncle Josh, and little Reuben drove over from Rolling Creek to see the "Greatest Show on Earth."

Promptly at half-past eight the parade started, headed by the Keller-Wilsonian-Mat-Zagelian Band which had crossed two continents for the occasion. Two elephants, presented to the circus by Theodore Roosevelt, showed remarkable intelligence and training. It was with sylph-like grace

that they executed their latest accomplishment, "The Turkey Trot." Fine specimens of our forest friends followed, monkeys, kangaroos and bears. After



the parade no one could keep his eyes from the ring, as the Ringmaster introduced one good thing after another. "The Featherweight Sisters," of world-wide fame, lived up to their reputation. The clowns, always ready to please, kept even the most sedate in uproars of laughter. After the tight-rope walking, ball game, exhibition of strength, chariot races, and famous singers had, one after another, received endless applause, and after everyone had had their fill of soda-pop, cracker-jack, peanuts, and pink lemonade, the crowds departed. All agreed that "they had had the time of their life," and that there was nothing like a circus to "renew your youth."





• CLUBS[®]



New Jersey Club

Song

"Over on the Jersey Side"

Colors

Blue and Gold

Tree

Sugar Maple

Bird

Mosquito

Chief Skeet

ALICE SWAIN East Orange, N. J.

Skeeto

DOROTHY TAYLOR Montclair, N. J.

Mosquitoes

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Honorary Mosquitoes

DR. HARLEY Newark, N. J.

MRS. WORTHINGTON Montclair, N. J.

MISS WEST Montclair, N. J.



CLUB

"Midnight Daughters"

Motto

"Let us live, while we live"

Colors

Red and Green

Flower

American Beauty

Cast

Leading Lady ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE, New York City
 Her Understudy HAZEL MARSHALL, New York City
 Ballet Dancer MARJORIE FRENCH, Barneveld, N. Y.
 Leading Chorus Lady DOROTHY TARBELL, Ithaca, N. Y.

Chorus

(Front Line—From Right to Left)

FLORENCE WATTLES Buffalo, N. Y.
 REBECCA WHITE Walton, N. Y.
 WINIFRED GOLDSMITH New York City
 ERNA DRIVER New York City
 DELTA BOICE Kingston, N. Y.
 GLADYS SCHUMMERS Fairport, N. Y.

Orchestra

Leader MISS CAROLINE CRAWFORD
 1st Violin MISS EUGENIE MOREN'S
 Trombone MISS JANET EASTMEAD
 Drum MISS SARAH PETTIT



Ohio Club

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Cleveland	
LUCILE MARSHALL	<i>Treasurer</i>
Cleveland	

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Sorrel Tops

Motto
Better to Blaze Here than Hereafter

Purpose
Mutual Admiration

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The Bowery

Motto—"The Bowery bows to the bummiest Bums."

Bummiest—"Lizzie" Green.

Bummer—"Hel" Webster.

Bum—"Em-face" Thomas.

"BOWERY BUMS"

"HEL" WEBSTER

"EM-FACE" THOMAS

"D" LINDSAY

"KAT" THOMPSON

"JINNY" ROBERTSON

"EVE" HORNER

"LIZZIE" GREEN

"PIG" DUVALL

"ROOSTER" CULBERSON

"WEEZE" ORME

"CYN" MAGEE

"LIL MARY" OSBORNE

"KATE" OSBORNE

"AGNES" DAVIDSON

"GIGGLES" GREGORY

"GRUNT" TAYLOR

HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. THOMPSON

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SOCIAL CLIMBERS

LETA CAMP

JEANETTE BARR

SETTLEMENT WORKERS

MARGARET COBB

NELLIE DAVIDSON

JULIET PARRIS

MARY ERVIN

MARGARET DALTON

DUNBAR AVIRETT

NANCY SUPPES

SARAH NICHOLS

LUCY TILLMAN

MISS "BETSY" GILDER

MRS. ORME



"Betty, the Bowery standby"



At the Sign of the Dachshund

The German Club

The Katzenjammer Family

Colors

Red, White and Black

Motto

It Beats the Dutch

Password

Ya Wohl and Also

Mascol

The Dachshund

Club Song

"Oh Where, Oh Where
Has Our Little Dog Gone?"

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Aileen Ward

Miss Helen Young

Mrs. H. S. Worthington

Miss Ethel Gardner

Members of the Family

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

Mutter Katzenjammer	ELSIE ZAEGEL
Vater Katzenjammer	ALMA EISENDRATH
Fritz (treasurer)	ALICE SWAIN
Luisa (secretary)	LUCILE MARSHALL
Hans	HELEN NICHOLSON
Gretchen	HELEN LAMFROM
Der Captain	CORINNE LOEB
Marichen	LEONA GUNTHER
Katrina	DORIS THOMPSON
Gretel	KATHERINE BURNS
Der Baron	GERTRUDE EISENDRATH
Gutz	BERNICE RICHARDSON
Frederick	BARBARA SCHREIER
Clarehen	CLARE ERCK
Heine	RUTH HOUSER
Minna	LUCY LANTZ
Herman	DOROTHEA EAGLESFIELD
Der Doctor	REBECCA WHITE
Tellheim	MARJORIE DUSANE
Hrosurtha	HENRIETTA WADSWORTH

Die Geisten des Vaterlandes in Sweet Briar

Was haben Sie never them seen auf Sonntag Abends maken die tracken fur das Teahaus? Ya! Ya! Das greatestte Object ist gemutlich, zu essen die Gurken, Kartoffel salad, Schwartzbrod mit Kase belegt, Wurstischen und trinken die Lemonade, Dies Object, to decorate unser Interiors with ein Frieze des Ballonis, ist sehr gemutlich, nicht wahr?

Eines Tages kommen Leute of high degree, Ya! Wir shaken in Booten, wir rehearse die Speechen von "Colloquial German." In kommen die Damen—wir sprechen die Speech. Ach Himmel! was hearen wir? Die Antwort, from same "Colloquial German!" Wir sind lost, aber nein, die Faculty also—(Sh!)

Nun at least wir canen die Classics read, thesen sint ein bischen safer, nicht wahr? Ya! Ya! Essen und lesen die Classics, vielleicht lernen "Colloquial German" auswendig, also, ya, nicht wahr?

Luisa, Secretary.



The Campers

DR. MARY K. BENEDICT
MISS CONNIE M. GUION

MARJORIE MILDRED FRENCH
ELSIE LUPINSKI ZAGEL

FRANCES NOYES MATSON

Alone Upon the House-tops

Alone upon the house-tops now we see
Fresh-air fiends slung in hammocks, cots or beds;
To Nature's soul and beauty thus they flee,
They peek up out of hoods with muffled heads,
With mittened hands we see them wave us on!
We come in haste, alas, and must agree
To yield to some who argue *pro* and *con*—
Resolved at last—a camp beneath a tree!
The dauntless ones will journey forth at night;
They claim to love this place of which I speak,
Although, my dear, it is a perfect sight,
The rain they love—the roof a grand old leak!
In snow, in hail, 'mid perils great and small,
Of dogs, wild beasts, and sheep and snakes and bats;
A sunburnt nose, a freckled cheek appall
Not maidens who at home would fear a rat!
Alone upon my house-top now I stand,
When years have come and gone apace,
I seem to see again the little band,
Ah, marvels each, of strength and woodland grace!



College Calendar

September 19-20—Opening of College.

September 20—Y. W. C. A. reception to new students.

September 23—Readings given by Mr. Willoughby Reade, Professor of English at the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.

October 2—Lecture, "The Relation of Art to the Twentieth Century," by Mr. Frank Parsons of New York.

October 9—The Freshmen were entertained by the Juniors.

October 14—Piano recital given by Miss Alice Burbage.

October 16—Dr. and Mrs. Walker, of Mt. Saint Angelo, held a reception in honor of the marriage of their daughter, Violet, to Mr. Basil Walker.

October 17—Mr. Basil Walker and Miss Violet Walker were married at Ascension Church, Amherst.

October 28—The new students gave a Hallowe'en party in honor of the old students.

October 30—Lecture, "American Humor," by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia.

November 4—Recital given by Faculty of Musical Department.

November 13—The Sophomores gave a vandeville.

- November 18—Concert given by the American String Quartet.
 November 20—"Quality Street" presented by the Merry Jesters.
 November 24—Founder's Day.
 November 24—Addresses by Mr. N. C. Manson and Dr. Henry Lewis Smith.
 November 24—Faculty Reception at Sweet Briar House.
 November 24—Founder's Day Dance.
 November 30—Thanksgiving holiday.
 November 30—Fox hunt by Lynchburg Hunt Club.
 November 30—Students entertained at Mount Saint Angelo.
 December 2—Freshman-Sophomore debate.
 December 4—Song recital by Miss Mae Jennings of New York.
 December 9—The Dramatic Association presented "She Stoops to Conquer."
 December 10—Christmas Festal Service given by the Choir and Orchestra.
 December 11—Y. W. C. A. gave a Christmas-tree celebration in the Assembly Hall to all the children living on the Sweet Briar estate.
 December 14—Recital by music students.
 December 15 to January 4—Christmas recess.
 January 20—Violin recital by Maud Powell.
 January 22—Lecture on Oxford by Mrs. Margaret Woods.
 January 27—The Rippers presented "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."
 January 30 to February 3—Mid-year examinations.
 February 5—The Juniors gave an original musical comedy, "The Peacock," and a play, "The Elopement of Ellen."
 February 17—The Student Government Association gave a reception to the Faculty.
 February 19—Song recital given by Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.
 February 24—The Freshmen gave a dance in honor of the Juniors.
 March 2—Lecture, "Paris, Parisien et Theatral," by Count Wiersbicki.
 March 11—Lecture, "The American Short Story," by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia.

March 15 to 25—Spring recess.

March 30—Concert given by the Glee Club for the benefit of Pipe Organ Fund.

April 8—Lecture, "Some Fairy Tales of the Olden Time," by Dr. Tom Peete Cross.

April 13—The Ripplers presented "Tommy's Wife," and the Merry Jesters, "The Masonic Ring."

April 15—Piano recital by Arthur Shattuck.

April 20—Senior circus.

April 22—Field Day.

April 29—May Day.

April 29—Crowning of May Queen.

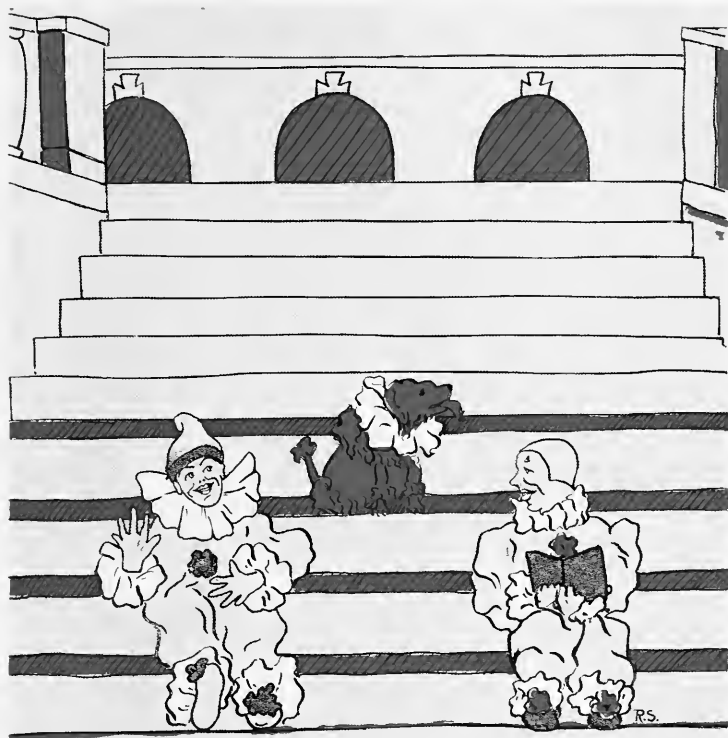
April 29—"The Awakening of the Princess Daffodil."

April 29—May-Day Dance.

May 4—Orchestra concert.

June 1 to 4—Commencement.





JOKES^{and} JINGLES.

Jokes and Jingles

Miss Benedict, in philosophy, explains Kant's judgments, as follows:

CATEGORICAL: Plant a tree and it grows.

HYPOTHETICAL: If you plant a tree it will grow.

DISJUNCTIVE: Plant a tree and it will either grow or not grow.

(P. S.: "Little Umus has budded!")

A little girl visiting the College was shown the mysteries of Sweet Briar House. "Mother," she said, "is this where Mrs. Briar lived?"

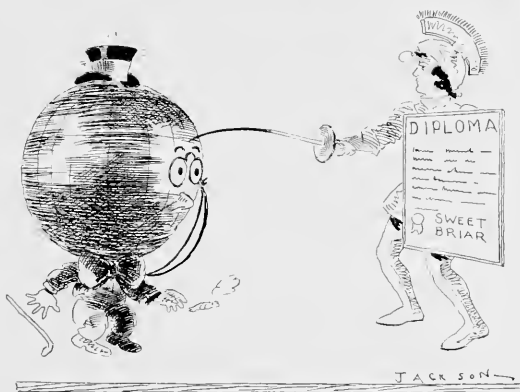
Dr. Cross: "Miss Lloyd, what is a 'pathetic fallacy?'"

Miss LLOYD: "Oh! that's a sad mistake."

MARJORIE F—— (as she wakes up early Easter morning and notices how bare of leaves the trees are): "Isn't Easter in the South funny? It's always green in the North because it comes so much later in the spring!"

Miss BUFFINGTON (in S. G. A. meeting): "Will each girl please decide what men she will have here for the May-Day Dance, and drop them in a box in Gray Hall."

There once was an A. B. of fame
Who thought life was growing too tame,
So she hit the old world,
Till his ancient head whirled,
And he never has been quite the same.







Miss Wilson goes to Island of Hawaii and is met on the road to Honolulu by the Superintendent of the Hawaiian Public Schools, and one of her "pupils-to-be" bearing a large present of bananas.

The Glee Club Encore

We are famous for philosophers
Who drive away our woe,
Seniors versatile—they even
Make athletics go.

To the west of Academic,
Through the microscope you'll see
Golf links and a hockey field,
The latter—yet to be.

But the best of all, the Glee Club
Will on every Thursday night
Win the wrath of Manson Hall,
And shriek with all its might.



If Katherine is "Gay," is "Dr. Cross?"

If some girls went in swimming and the sun was hot, would "Joe Browne" or "Marion Peele" or "Henrietta Washburn?"

If Frances were without a "Thach," would "Ruth Houser?"

If Arithmetic is Math., is "Bessie Grammer?"

If Mayo should leave, what would "Lelia Dew?"

If King George reigns, does "Mildred Hale?"

If Mary was born in Savannah, where was "Kate Osborne?"

If Marjorie Du Shane is worth 20 cents, what is "Henrietta Wadsworth?"

If the whistles in Lynchburg blew, would "Sweet Briar Institute?"

If Helen is thin, is "Rebecca Stout?"

If Carson were a bird cage, would "Grace Carroll?"

If Carson were a livery stable, would "Eugenia Dabney?"

If Miss "Sparrow" is a bird, is "Elsie Zaegel" (gull)?

If Marguerite "Drew," would she make "Lizzie Green," or "Lel Red?"

How much coal does it take to run Sweet Briar? *Ans.*—A "Buffington."

Did anyone see where "Mary Fordtran?"

If Marjorie is "French," where is "Helen Lamfrom?"

“If”

If Dr. Cross should give an A,
If fines we did not have to pay,
If Jim should kiss a crush good-night,
If themes we did not have to write,
If Dr. Harley banished oil,
If Seniors did not have to toil,

What would happen?

If the Tea-House should go out of “biz,”
If we should never have a quiz,
If Chellie always brought us mail,
If bacon and chipped-beef should fail,
If Ruth in meetings did not rise,
If the hockey-field should materialize,

What would happen?



ART

Our Artists

MISS McLAWS
MARIE ABRAMS
CLARA ATKINSON
MARGARET COBB
ADELAIDE HEMPSTEAD
RALPH JACKSON
ALICE MOSELEY
M. A. MINOR
DOROTHY PECKWELL
REBECCA STOUT
SALLIE MILLER



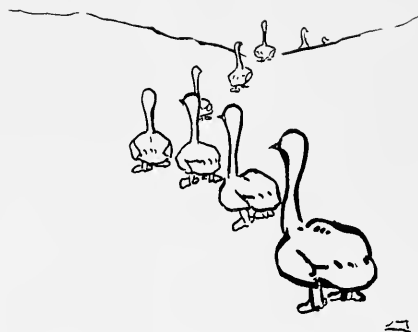
LITERATURE

Our Literary Contributors

MISS CAROLINE L. SPARROW
RUTH MAURICE
MARY PINKERTON
SARAH ARNOLD
LUCILE MARSHALL
MAYO THACH
HENRIETTA WASHBURN
LOULIE WILSON
MARGARETHA RIBBLE
REBECCA WHITE

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THE END.





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This is your store. Its policy is dictated and directed by your demands.

It is not only a mercantile establishment to make money, but to offer you every convenience, and help you in your shopping.

A great institution permeated with an atmosphere of style—a characteristic which not only covers the more elaborate merchandise—or garment—but reaches even to the most inexpensive lines we sell. Indeed, it is an atmosphere of style—correctness in everything in which style is concerned; and style of necessity is linked with quality.

This store thinks for the comfort and welfare of the Sweetbriar students. You are at liberty to come and go as you please, whether for sightseeing, rest, recreation or shopping.

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Lynchburg's Leading Dry Goods Store



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

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